

# LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

No. 1310. — July 10, 1869.

## CONTENTS.

1. WHAT IS MAN'S CHIEF END? . . . . . *North British Review*, . . . 67
2. COUNTRY-HOUSE ON THE RHINE. Part XXXIV. By  
Berthold Auerbach. Translated from the Ger-  
man for *The Living Age*, . . . . . *Die Presse*, . . . . . 87
3. MR. MOTLEY, . . . . . *Saturday Review*, . . . . . 120
4. THE SECRET OF THE NORTH POLE, . . . . . *Saint Paul's*, . . . . . 123

## SHORT ARTICLES.

- |                             |     |                       |     |
|-----------------------------|-----|-----------------------|-----|
| HOUSE DECORATION, . . . . . | 86  | SOWS' MILK, . . . . . | 128 |
| ANÆSTHESIA, . . . . .       | 122 |                       |     |

## POETRY.

- |                           |    |                                 |    |
|---------------------------|----|---------------------------------|----|
| EARTH TO EARTH, . . . . . | 66 | THOSE ISTHMIAN GAMES, . . . . . | 66 |
|---------------------------|----|---------------------------------|----|

## JUST PUBLISHED AT THIS OFFICE:

- A HOUSE OF CARDS, by Mrs. Cashel Hoey. Price 75 cents.  
LETTICE LISLE. Price 38 cents.

## PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION AT THIS OFFICE:

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II. These very interesting and valuable sketches of Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, Lord Chesterfield, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, The Young Chevalier, Pope, John Wesley, Commodore Anson, Bishop Berkeley, and other celebrated characters of the time of George II., several of which have already appeared in the *LIVING AGE*, reprinted from Blackwood's Magazine, will be issued from this office, in book form, as soon as completed.

## LATELY PUBLISHED:

- OCCUPATIONS OF A RETIRED LIFE, by EDWARD GARRETT. Price 50 cents.  
LINDA TRESSEL, by the Author of Nina Balatka. Price 38 cts.  
ALL FOR GREED, by the BARONESS BLAZE DE BURY. Price 38 cts.

## PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

LITTELL & GAY, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR EIGHT DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, the *LIVING AGE* will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage. But we do not prepay postage on less than a year, nor where we have to pay commission for forwarding the money.

Price of the First Series, in Cloth, 36 volumes, 90 dollars.

" " Second " " 20 " 50 "

" " Third " " 32 " 80 "

The Complete Work, 100 " 250 "

Any Volume Bound, 3 dollars; Unbound, 2 dollars. The sets, or volumes, will be sent at the expense of the publishers.

## PREMIUMS FOR CLUBS.

For 5 new subscribers (\$40.), a sixth copy; or a set of HORNE'S INTRODUCTION TO THE BIBLE, unabridged, in 4 large volumes, cloth, price \$10; or any 5 of the back volumes of the *LIVING AGE*, in numbers, price \$10.

## EARTH TO EARTH.

You bid me count and weigh the stars,  
The immemorial avatars  
Of light, which reached us yesterday,  
And yet has journeyed without cease  
From that abode of burning peace  
Where it was kindled far away,

Before the Earth began to run  
Her little round, while Earth and Sun  
Were yet a mist of watery fire;  
As though that pilgrimage of light  
Immeasurable, infinite,  
Kept even pace with our desire;

As though we all had nought to know  
Except our littleness; as though  
The voiceless music of the spheres  
Made all the voices nothing worth  
That blow men's names about on Earth,  
And are not drowned by any tears.

You speak to ears that will not heed:  
The fleeting years to years succeed,  
And still the longings multiply,  
Which the blank stars can never slake,  
Which only fruitful Earth can wake,  
Which only Earth can satisfy,

Who fosters us while Fate allows,  
Who binds about her weary brows  
Our ruins for a diadem,  
And points to giddy worlds that roll  
About the dimly gleaming pole  
Beneath us, for we number them.

What though some misty radiance heave  
Its brightness into form, and leave  
Its trance of changeless destinies  
To run a wider course than ours,  
To blossom into loftier flowers  
Of manifold mortalities?

What though with no abiding place  
We dwindle with the dwindling race,  
Since we and everything she bears  
Fade back into the labouring womb  
Of Earth, our mother and our tomb,  
Who waxes weary with the years?

Beyond the years of Earth, yes, far  
Beyond the years of any star,  
A treasure-house is perfected,  
Where all the spoils that Death can store  
But make us richer than before,  
While we remember what is dead.

And echoes there of many a name  
That tired the voice of earthly Fame  
Wake everlasting memory  
Of deeds too glorious to forget  
When every star that shines hath set  
In daylight of eternity.

Or if that promise be a dream,  
If Time, a never-ending stream  
Without beginning, must suffice

With always good, and never best,  
And no fulfilling of high rest  
On watchtowers of Paradise;

We need not wait to feed our scorn  
On planets that are being born  
Out of the cloudy lighted skies;  
Our little Earth hath change enough  
Of sweet and bitter, smooth and rough,  
To know, to suffer, and despise.  
Macmillan's Magazine. G. A. SIMCOX.

## THOSE ISTHMIAN GAMES!

AIR — "Those Evening Bells."

THOSE Isthmian Games! those Isthmian Games!  
How one and all admit their claims!  
From snob to swell, from grave to gay,  
From flats that bleed, to rooks that prey.

For them the shop-boy robs the till,  
For them the plunger backs the bill;  
For them touts watch, and tipsters lie,  
And sweeps are filled, and pigeons fly:

For them the road pours down its shoals;  
For them the rail its myriads rolls;  
Theirs is the carriage-crowded "Hill,"  
The nigger song, the chaff, the mill!

Theirs are the black-eyed gipsy's tricks,  
Aunt Sally's three-a-penny sticks;  
The DORLING's card, that, hoarsely cried,  
Proclaims their names and weights that ride.

The luncheon hampers, and the drain  
Of Hamburg sherry and champagne;  
The popping of a million corks,  
The flash of countless knives and forks.

The thrill that stirs a million hearts,  
When, after false alarms and starts,  
The cry "They're off!" sweeps through the  
crowd,  
Like lightning through a thunder-cloud!

The Stand, lit up with sudden sun  
Of myriad faces, turned like one;  
The passing rush of hoofs, and hues,  
Their shouts that win, their pangs that lose!

Three minutes' madness in a day!  
A headache, and a bill to pay!  
A book, whose losers fail to show,  
But on which you pay what you owe!

So 'twas, ere I saw Derbies run:  
So 'twill be, all my Derbies done!  
There'll still be flats to own your claims,  
Nor count your cost, dear Isthmian Games!  
Punch.

From The North British Review.  
WHAT IS MAN'S CHIEF END?\*

"WHAT is the chief end of man?" is a question with which Scotland has been familiar for two centuries. In its terse simplicity it states one of the ultimate questions in Philosophy. Its theoretical solution would be the answer to a fundamental problem in Ethics; its practical realization would be the ideal of a perfect life. In one form or other it occurs to all men in whom the reflective life has dawned, and who look beneath the surface of human action to discover its underlying root and its ultimate purpose. It arises from that instinctive craving for unity in our life, which is spontaneous and ineradicable. We are not satisfied by studying the phenomena of our human nature as a miscellaneous mass of mere detail; we desire to know the relation of the parts to the whole, and the connexion of the whole with its parts. The question thus raised has been discussed in every philosophic school. It is as ancient as the meditations of the seers in Palestine and the remoter East. We find it treated with marvellous subtilty and great breadth of insight by the more noticeable of the Greek thinkers. Every philosopher of mark in modern times has rediscussed it, and in his own way deepened the current, or added a contribution to our knowledge of the problem; while it remains as fresh and full of interest in our own day as if the race had now awakened from the sleep of centuries to ponder it for the first time. Being thus one of the problems of the "*philosophia perennis*," its solution must vary with the character and progress of the great systems, and be essentially modified by the prevailing type of each. It is closely related to two other cardinal questions in philosophy. "Whence are we?" and "Whither do we tend?"—what is our origin? and what our destination?—questions which have nursed the speculative passion, and aroused the wondering curiosity of men in all ages. But the third great inquiry, "What is the ultimate meaning, the final purpose of our life as it now exists—what its present ideal?" is as fundamental

as the others, and its solution is much more urgent. It may not be possible to give an altogether satisfactory answer to any one of these questions without partially answering the other two, as the three problems intersect each other, and their solutions are finely interlaced. The conclusions of Speculative Philosophy (culminating in Theology) and those of Ethics are ultimately based upon the data which human nature supplies; and as human nature is an organic whole, the results we arrive at in one department of inquiry will necessarily modify our views in all the others. Thus, if (as is the case on the hypothesis of materialism) we have no light as to our origin and destination beyond that which the law of evolution and the sequences of physical nature supply, our ideal of life in the present could scarcely be an elevated one. We could not find a motive for the culture of our powers that would not be crippled in its action, by the obscurity of the source whence we have arisen, and the dreariness of the goal to which we tend. And if we appeal to history, it will be found that those systems which have denied to man all certain knowledge of his source or of his destiny beyond the limits of organization, have invariably lowered his ideal of culture.

But the discussion of every great philosophical question must be untrammelled by the verdict which other problems yield us, or even by the data which kindred sciences supply; and we propose now to examine the third of the correlated questions referred to, partly in the light of a recent discussion by one of the ablest of our living critics, and partly as a theme of permanent philosophic interest, which is unaffected by the passing controversies of the age.

The late occupant of the chair of Poetry at Oxford (himself a poet and a thinker of no mean rank) has recently brought the question of culture before the British mind with singular freshness and emphasis. But we shall not, in the first instance, follow Mr. Arnold into those bypaths of subtle criticism (confessedly unsystematic), where he ranges with so free a step, and applies his doctrine to the prevailing tendencies of England with rare discriminative power and classic grace. Mr. Arnold has needlessly cumbered his discussion of a theme which is

\* *Culture and Anarchy (An Essay in Political and Social Criticism.)* By MATTHEW ARNOLD. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1869.

a commonplace in the philosophical schools (though he has succeeded in illustrating and popularizing it), by criticism of British politics, contemporary newspapers, and religious societies. To that extent he has reduced the permanent philosophical value of his book. At every turn, one who may agree with the main doctrine which he teaches, is forced to dissent from his applications and illustrations of it. We may also regret a certain tone of harsh and almost cynical antagonism, which detracts from the otherwise constructive character of the book. We shall therefore approach the group of questions raised by Mr. Arnold through a brief discussion of the philosophical problem, "What is the chief end of human existence—the ideal of a perfect life?" We must distinguish, however, between the theoretic ideal as an object of thought and contemplation, and the practical realization of that ideal in a finite human life. The ideal stands always contrasted with the actual, as that to which no one can absolutely attain, however he may strive, and succeed in his approach to it. There are conditions by which the range of human culture is inevitably bounded, obstacles which resist its progress and impede its freedom, which are irremovable within the limits of our present life. But these do not concern us at present. We propose, in the first instance, to discuss the *Ideal* of culture by striving to answer the question, "To what would the most perfect education of the human faculties amount, supposing all hindrances which prevent the realization of the ideal may be most successfully overcome; or the relation in which the Actual stands to the Ideal in culture."

What, then, is the relation in which human culture, with a view to human perfection, stands to the supreme end of life, as an ideal aim? Our answer may be stated generally thus:—The culture (when the term is broadened and deepened in its meaning far beyond Mr. Arnold's limitation of it), culture prosecuted with a view to the entire perfection of our manhood and the reflex glory of God, is the one absolute and untransferable end of human existence. This is our thesis. We proceed to the proof of it. And it may conduce to precision of statement if we distinguish between

the two principal terms made use of in the proposition with which we set out. The former, viz., "culture," we regard as the means of attaining the latter, viz., "perfection:" perfection denoting the ripe result, when all the human faculties act together, vigorously and harmoniously; culture denoting the process of education, by which these faculties are trained to reach that end in concord. The distinction, however, is fundamentally empirical, inasmuch as the resulting perfection, however harmonious and complete, can never be regarded as *final*. Its supreme value consists but in the condition it affords for a still further advance. The stages of partial perfection reached, become in turn, and necessarily, but "the stepping-stones of their dead selves," on which "men rise to higher things." In other words, the states of our human nature to which the terms *culture* and *perfection* are applicable, are at once both ends and means. Looked at on one side, they are ends, as possessed of a certain inherent value; surveyed on the other, they are but means, as the conditions of still higher ends. But the determination of the final end of man's existence as a being possessed of diverse faculties, the tenant of this earth, depends essentially upon the answer we give to the really prior question, What are the essentials of human nature? What are the fundamental characteristics of man as a being distinct from the other existences that surround him in the universe? Driven thus backwards to the human consciousness,—our final court of appeal in every philosophical question,—we discern (in a way we need not tarry to explain) the ultimate fact of our personality, and, along with this, as a correlated fact, our personal freedom.

Let us assume, let us take for granted in this discussion, our free human personality, and along with it the possession of certain faculties (intellectual, moral, religious, æsthetic, social). It seems indisputable that if these faculties cannot be said to have a defined existence till their activity is called forth, is educated,—if for man they are practically real, only in so far as by man they are consciously realized; and if they are consciously realized, only in so far as they are *used* (cultivated), it is plain that



in that case the very end of the possession is *use*; that the activity of the faculties constitutes the supreme human end of the faculties. The fullest, freest, least impeded, and best balanced energy amongst the several powers of our nature thus becomes that nature's end. Whether an ulterior end is or is not subserved by this proximate end is a further question which we shall presently discuss. But in so far as man is to be regarded as a centre of personality, and as reaching his manhood only through the concurrent action of all his faculties, it is clear that man fulfils the end of his being, is, in short, *truly man*, only in so far as he fulfils the law of catholic or eclectic culture.

We thus view man as a personal and free agent, whose nature is made up of certain innate powers, faculties, capacities (let him name them as he will), and whose perfection consists in the harmonious action and reaction of all these faculties. The most perfect human being is he in whom all the faculties are trained in equipoise, and balanced in their activity; each of his powers being vigorous, and all of them advancing in harmony. The list or circle of the faculties is the same in every rational creature. However stunted, there is none absolutely wanting in any human being. Even in the idiot and the insane (these malformations of humanity), the missing power is but suppressed. It is buried under a bad organization, crushed by a weak physique. The supreme and final end of every human life is therefore the perfection of each faculty in detail, and the harmony of all in unison. Though no analogy can cast much light upon a truth so ultimate, the following symbol may be of slight use. Let us imagine an inverted cone, with its apex slightly blunted, but rising on all sides upwards to infinity. Round the narrow circle forming the base cluster the normal infant energies of human nature. From the apex there is an expansion upwards; but with the rise perpendicular, there is also an expanse horizontal; and the two are co-ordinate, — they are equally indefinite and limitless. The human faculties in their march from infancy to manhood rise as do the sides of the graduated cone, but as they gain in height they expand at an equal ratio in the widening circles of breadth. Progress in-

tellectual, moral, æsthetical, religious, may be measured by the places gained by the agents who toil on the sides and circles of the cone. The base represents that zero of ignorance whence we set out; the positions gained and the prospects beheld are the stages and the partial lights of knowledge. The lines and circles out-reaching to the surrounding infinite, and lost above and around in the clouds, symbolize that shroud of mystery which encircles our last truths, as it enveloped the first, that solemn veil of darkness which girdles our faculties when they have reached their loftiest culture, as it wrapped them round in their embryo development. The progress from absolute ignorance to partial science, ending in a return to relative ignorance (the sum of our intellectual destiny, and a favourite theme of philosophic men), is thus faintly symbolized in the inverted cone. It may at least represent a circle of faculties advancing in harmony, each one being supposed to be linked to the first circle which formed the inverted apex. But as analogy casts but a pale and lunar light upon a problem which touches the region of transcendent truth, we lay it aside; and content ourselves with announcing once more, as a first principle of philosophic doctrine, that man's chief end is to cultivate his faculties; that the great postulate in the perfection of his nature is how to secure the deepest, widest, and intensest life; and that all the education he receives is only a system of means by which this is more or less perfectly or imperfectly secured.

We may remember, however, that in that religious catechism with which Scotland is so familiar, "man's chief end" is defined as "to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever," and no one who is at once thoughtful and reverent will quarrel with the definition. It states a great truth in brief compass. But it does not state the entire range of the truth. The aim of the compilers of that manual of instruction was not to write a series of philosophic aphorisms, but to arrange a practical digest of religious truth. And the philosophic student of the ultimate ends of human action may learn from the definition of the divines at Westminster, while he is in search of other aspects of the question with which they were unfamiliar.

Let us take for granted that the chief end of the creature is to glorify the Creator; the further question immediately arises—*How* is he to glorify Him? By what means and instrumentality is he to proceed to the execution of the stupendous task? And if his answer is to be more than a barren formula—if it is to be a fruitful maxim of life and conduct, he must know how to translate the primary proposition we have referred to from indefiniteness into clearness. How is man to proceed that he may succeed in this high and seemingly transcendent effort to glorify the infinite and limitless One?

When, therefore, we perceive that by the cultivation and increase of all the powers of our nature to the greatest possible intensity, and in the greatest possible harmony, we are enabled to glorify Him in whose image our nature is cast, we feel that the formula is translated for us from the abstract to the concrete. It is by the use of all our powers, by becoming the very best and highest that as human beings we can become, by neglecting no part of our complex natures, but developing to the very uttermost all the talents with which we are endowed, that our humanity can alone grow up unto perfection, "compacted by that which every joint supplieth." In all this process of assiduous culture and effort, man is but an agent under the will of One higher than himself, whose perfection he is instrumentally revealing. He is achieving an end, and furthering a plan which reaches immeasurably beyond himself; and he may make that end, and realize that plan, as a conscious object of pursuit; but he is also an end to himself, and inward perfection should be a no less conscious aim of his life. We do not say that he may concentrate attention upon himself, and pursue his culture in exclusiveness and isolation from his fellows, but we do say that the perfection of his inward nature is at once a definite end of his labour, and the only means by which he can glorify Him who created that nature, and whose power co-operates with his own in all the processes of culture which tend to that glory. "It is manifest," says Sir William Hamilton, "that man, in so far as he is a mean for the glory of God, must be an end unto himself, for it is only in the accomplishment of his own perfection that as a creature he can manifest the glory of his Creator. Though, therefore, man by relation to God be but a mean, *for that very reason*, in relation to all else, he is an end." The apparent paradox is thus strictly true, that man is an end to himself, though that end

is not selfish or utilitarian. At one and the same time he stands in a two-fold relationship to himself and to God, and the self-regarding with the self-forgetting instincts are the two forces (centripetal and centrifugal) which, working in union—a union most perfect when it has become so natural as to be unconscious—cause his being to revolve in harmony around the central sun of the universe.

When, now, we turn to the educational schemes of the so-called "practical men" of our time, we find that they nearly all ignore the principle we have stated. The fundamental flaw which vitiates their system (whether they explicitly avow it, or only tacitly hold it) is the ignoble concession that man may renounce his prerogative as an *end*, and become mainly or merely a professional *mean*. The practical educationist abhors an ideal, as nature was said of old to abhor a vacuum; and his abhorrence of an ideal explains the fact that he cannot comprehend how a man can be an end to himself. He cannot appreciate culture which does not promise a return in some benefit beyond itself; and to secure some obvious practical utility, certain educational appliances are set a-going to obtain it, in the shortest possible time, and with the least possible cost. It is desirable to know the facts of history, and the laws of social statics, because these bear practically upon modern political progress. It is wise to wrest its secrets from the shrine of nature, for these can be made available in industrial production, and increase the "well-being" of man. Science is a fruitful branch of education, because science has joined hands with utility. But the ideal of a many-sided culture, in which a man regards the attainment of that culture as an end in itself, and not as a means to any end lower than himself, resting in the insight and intellectual harmony which culture brings him, is regarded by our practical educationists as at once unsubstantial, and incapable of realization. It is also represented as inconsistent with the position men occupy in a world of manifold competition, and highly complex civilization, with enormous subdivision of labour. We admit that to succeed in any one pathway of culture, a man must willingly renounce much that lies along its margin, and invites him on either side. There must be the distinct concentration of a special faculty on a special object to effect a special end. The brevity of life, the division of labour, the complexity of our modern civilization, and the many new and recondite paths of research that are contin-

ually being disclosed in the onward march of discovery, — these things necessitate a sacrifice of some things for the attainment of others; and while without division of labour no culture would be possible, with that division comes inevitably the *narrowing influence of the exercise of a special faculty*. As our doctrine applies not merely to the few who have the leisure and the means for the prosecution of the highest culture, but also to the many who have them not, we admit that most men must concentrate themselves with a piercing intensity of aim on one field of action. There must be some point towards which our main efforts tend, and around which our chief sympathies gravitate. Without such precision of aim, even splendid powers would be lost. The practical man works by concentration and limitation.

Admitting this, we at the same time contend that the general cultivation of the other powers, on every possible occasion, should not lame the special power. General education, with its wide and varied culture, while it gives a larger mental horizon, and broadens sympathy, should not paralyze special effort in a chosen sphere. But the position assumed by the advocates of special and practical, as opposed to general and catholic culture, is usually tainted by the base spirit of utilitarianism. Whether in its grosser or more refined form, it estimates the value of culture, in the special department it selects, by the use to be made of it, by the ends it may subserve. It thus degrades it to the position of an instrumental means. It reverses the true position of the "means" and the "end" respectively. Instead of regarding the universe as a storehouse of educational forces, and man himself as greater than anything that educates him, — instead of interpreting the whole arrangements of human life as a complex apparatus by which the powers of the soul may be educated to their noblest height, it turns these powers into a number of passive instruments for the conquest of nature, and the accumulation of results! But to estimate the value of any department of culture by the extent to which it is available for professional uses, is as complete a degradation of our faculties as to measure the worth of knowledge by its market value in the world. It turns man into an ignoble utilitarian machine, — an instrument for the attainment of some trivial end relative to this brief time-life; nay, we maintain that professional success, however brilliant, if unidealized by this wide view of human culture and wide sympathy with man's varied nature and possibilities, while

it narrows and hardens the character, is of slightly higher value than mere skill in a handicraft. Therefore, to train and to invigorate the entire circle of the powers; to form not so much the accomplished professional man, the thinker, or the artist, or the man of science, or the statesman; but to form a harmonious human being, with all his faculties educated to the fullest self-government, self-possession, repose, refinement, and activity, is the very goal of human endeavours. To secure the inward ripening and the outward expansion of our life, the culture of thought and feeling, of imagination and sympathy, of our powers of reflection and our powers of action in a harmonious manysidedness, is a clearly intelligible end of human existence. To feel the rich prolific powers which we all possess in germ, budding forth into leaf and bloom and fruit, not for the sake of the use to be made of that fruit, nor even for the reflex joy which the growth and expansion yield, but for the larger *wealth of experience* which they confer, while the glory of Another ascends from it, and our culture is pursued with a tacit reference to Him, is unquestionably a nobler ambition than to convert one's self into a passive means for the attainment of some result connected with our earthly life. And in order to reach it, to make our inward being vaster, fuller, more mellowed and refined, we strive to deepen our intelligence, to etherealize our feelings, to chasten yet intensify our energies.

But as this doctrine of culture has been rashly stigmatized as an appeal to the selfish principle in human nature, we must observe the real breadth of area which it covers. It is not separative and exclusive, but intensely social. A profound interest in other lives, sympathy with other minds, and effort to carry them with us in the pathways of culture, is so essential, that without the possession of that sympathy, and without the forthputting of that effort, no man is himself truly cultivated. One large section of our complex humanity of which the powers must be evoked, is that which unites us with our fellowmen. It is at the peril of our success in personal culture that we neglect to carry others with us to the best of our ability. Efforts to educate and raise the tone of society, to redress all the wrongs we see and can redress, to relieve misery, to promote the freedom and happiness of our fellows, and the moral health of the community in which we live, — all these are parts of our culture. It is true that the doctrine which we teach tends to concentrate thought and attention in the first place on the perfecting of the individual, but as he

progresses towards the goal a corresponding influence is sent outwards on all sides along his path, to aid his fellow-creatures who are toiling with him. He strives after the realization of the ideal in himself, but this realization is impossible if he does not interest himself profoundly and unselfishly in the good of his fellow-men. Thus as he advances he creates around himself an altered world. In all culture we must "consider our neighbours with ourselves;" only it is necessary that our consideration be enlightened and courteous, and that our deeds be wise, — not the crude and hasty efforts of our own idiosyncrasy, but broad, large-minded, and humane. If those actions which tend outwards from self to reach and hold our fellows are to prove either stable or productive, they must be based on wisdom, they must spring from a cultivated state of soul. But the ideal of culture as certainly includes the self-forgetting as it embraces the self-regarding instincts. We dwarf our natures by the neglect of self-sacrifice as much as by despising any section of knowledge. Healthful culture is not the mere expansion of the individual, who, while pursuing his own perfection, feels "his isolation grow defined." Such culture narrows the soul in one direction while it widens it in another; and the human ties which connect man with man, which unite one thinker with another, the speculative philosopher with the poet, the poet with the man of science, the scientific labourer with the industrialist, and so forth, must be recognized by each labourer while he pursues his course along his specially selected pathway. It is true that this recognition and sympathy will be more or less intense according to the interest we take in the results of the labour pursued by our fellow-men; it is usually quick or sluggish in proportion to our actual identification with them. But whether identified with them or not, we may learn to extend a frank and manifold sympathy towards regions of human effort which we may never be able ourselves to enter.

One of the very best criteria of a well-educated mind is the range of its sympathy with departments of human labour and study with which it has a very partial practical acquaintance, and over which it may have no expectation of ever ranging freely. An ungrudging recognition of their value, as probably equal to that which the individual is pursuing, and a power of appreciating their results, while the processes by which these results have been reached are not known, is as rare as it is fruitful to the mind that has attained to it. But surely it is

possible to glance over some broad area, or down some long avenue of culture, which we can never hope ourselves to traverse step by step, without falling into the snare of the dilettante. We may sympathize with much which we cannot personally pursue, and appreciate much that we have neither the leisure nor the genius to explore. And thus our many-sided culture grows. Our faculties are not left to stagnate, even although we can carry their culture but a little way; and it is the *tendency towards* perfection thereby fostered which secures a gradual harmony in the soul. No faculty is consciously arrested, but all are evoked according to opportunity. The result is the concord of many powers co-operant to one end.

The advocates of a partial and utilitarian, as distinguished from a harmonious and many-sided education, aim at completeness in one special direction. It is in this their strength lies: their clear mastery of what they do achieve. And so far as their practice tends to thoroughness, as opposed to a shallow surface culture, it is a useful protest against dilettantism. But too often the concentration of effort to one path begets a bias in favor of it so strong that it at once absorbs the entire energy of the man, and blinds his eyes to the value of what lies on either side. Thus most of the advocates of scientific culture, not content with magnifying the value of a wide knowledge of the laws and phenomena of nature, proceed to depreciate classical or æsthetic culture; or the partizans of classical study similarly ignore the claims of physical science. The speculative thinker, the poet, the historian, the mathematician, the artist, the musician, severally exalt their own department to the disparagement of the other (as they think), outlying realms. Each elevates his own section to the foreground, but usually he sacrifices his completeness to his speciality. So far it is essential that he should do so; for the prosecution of culture no less than the business of life is regulated by the division of labour. But when the partizans of one department would urge all men to follow him, and desert the ancient pathways with which he is unfamiliar, or which he has no genius to pursue, he transgresses against a primary rule of culture, and a fundamental law of progress. Thus Mr. Lowe and Mr. John S. Mill would remove from the old curriculum of university study, or shut up within the narrowest possible limits, sections of culture most valuable to the race, which have hitherto evoked its noblest powers, and proved their value by their fruits, because to themselves they are of little

worth, and possess but a slight significance. Such reformers, like all iconoclasts, betray a certain rudeness towards unfamiliar phases of knowledge and of human interest, not far removed from that conceit which vaunts its little light, though it be but "the twinkling of a taper," as the most important light for future ages.

To possess a soul at once intense and many-sided, free in thought, flexible in sympathy, yet energetic in action; ready to receive and to retain new impressions, yet swift in its executive function which carries these into practice; willing to see as many sides of every question as the question possesses for finite minds, yet not paralyzed by the multitude of competing views, and not indifferent to a decision because a fragment of truth may lie in every one of these; not languid in action from the width of the intellectual prospect it surveys—such is the ideal of an educated life. It involves the possession of the amplest knowledge that is possible in alliance with the largest feeling, the widest range of sympathy in alliance with the most vigorous and energetic action;—every healthy human tendency finding free scope for its exercise, every desire that is legitimate finding satisfaction, every one that is illegitimate being controlled, the defective called forth into power, those in excess restrained;—in other words, the highest human culture is *the greatest possible health of the whole man*. All our powers must be braced by exercise, if they are to be healthy; while the activity of each power is at once a stimulus and a check to the rest. From the very constitution of human nature, each power must be curbed to make room for the action of the others; and self-denial, instead of being a special duty to be exercised towards a special portion of our nature under a religious sanction, is *a universal necessity of our human life*, if we are to approach towards the ideal of health.

Health is maintained only through the control of each of our powers by the joint action of all the rest. A curb must be laid upon certain appetites, if a human being is even to be a healthy animal. Restraint must be laid upon his animal nature if he is to be a healthy human being, and his intelligent nature unstarved. But he must deny himself the exclusive pursuit of knowledge, as much as the unrestrained pursuit of mere physical perfection. He must check the outflow of his feelings by his reason; his moral perfection must go hand in hand with the culture of his imagination; his religious aspirations must have free course to ascend above the horizon of the present,

and to start their hymn of praise as they ascend, but they must rise in union with his reason, and in harmony with his understanding. We do not mean that he is to turn to one part of his nature for guidance in the education of another; but he is to allow no part to encroach upon the rights of another, and that involves self-restraint in the culture of all. Thus our doctrine is opposed to all the unbridled individualism of modern culture. It opposes all forms of anarchic liberty in the prosecution of a special end, on the plea that such is the one thing needful for man, as much as it opposes a general torpor or lazy acquiescence in one set of ideas or one system of thought. It will thus be seen that religious culture is but a part (though by far the highest part) of this universal completeness which is the ideal of man's destiny. We assume it as an axiom which no thoughtful man can gainsay, that *exclusive absorption in religious enterprise, or devotion to religious thought and contemplation, is not the absolute end of a human being's existence*. It is in these things that our human nature culminates. In these it finds its richest bloom and fruit. Within the area, so to speak, of religion, we find the sphere for the highest exercise of our highest faculties. But if the call to be devout were a call to subordinate the whole nature to the religious faculty, to secure for that not only a dominant and regulative, but an exclusive authority over us, then, in consistency, the sooner we adopted the rules of asceticism the better, and that unlovely ideal of the mediæval church were made real on our modern earth the better. We may not confound the perfection of our religious being with the perfection of our whole nature. Many a man is tolerably well disciplined as a religious being, who is signally defective as a thinker, as a student of nature, and of humanity, or as a member of society. His mind may never be permitted to receive the genial influences of Nature, or, it may be so cabined and confined to the narrow path of some *outré* experience that it may shrink sensitively from exposure to the bracing air of the world of thought. His feelings may be austere, his sympathies with his fellow-men soured and contorted, his very patriotism twisted, all through his exclusive absorption in what he deems religious culture. But ultimately his religion itself will suffer. It will pay the penalty of its own ambition. Desirous to absorb the whole nature, it may ultimately lose its rightful hold of a part. And even spiritual progress may be pursued in such a fashion as to take all grace and



loveliness out of it and turn it into the grim and forbidding image of a superstition. Nay, it is possible, in an unhealthy and overstrained sanctimony which is not religion, to neglect the common duties of life, on the plea that all the energies of the soul are engrossed with devotion. In all ages, the *merely* "religious world has tended to narrowness, by contracting the basis from which devotion springs." "Mere spirituality," says one of our most thoughtful writers, "seems to exhaust the soil that rears it, so that Christianity must always gain much from extraneous sources." But, on the other hand, a culture which ignores religion, — which is so devoted to the perfecting of the other powers that the religious instincts lie untouched, — is equally biased, defective, and narrow. The apostles of such a culture forget that our powers must culminate in worship, ere they bear their noblest fruit. Wordsworth used to say that the man who despised anything in Nature had "faculties within which he had never used." The same may be said of those who omit the faculty of worship from their inventory of the powers of the soul. The speculative thinker, the poet, the artist, or student of science, who are so absorbed in their special pursuit that they do not allow the religious instinct to assert itself, or do not give it free scope for its fullest development, are to that extent defective as men, however perfect as thinkers, poets, artists, or men of science they may be. They practically allow a portion of their wondrous nature (and that the noblest) to lie unused within them; and a singular nemesis attends the neglect. The very faculty in course of time vanishes. The repressed instinct ceases to assert itself. They become accustomed to the want, and can dispense with the action of the faculty, and ultimately they may traduce their very nature, by denying the existence of that to which they were at first indifferent, the culture of which they found irksome, and finally ignored. We may thus explain the attitude assumed by some of the greatest teachers of modern science towards religion. They have been so absorbed with the study of nature, so engrossed with the scientific passion, that they have quietly ignored the grander sphere of religious feeling. Those instincts which would naturally have asserted themselves, and ascended in worship, have been compressed under the force of a scientific bias. They have gradually collapsed, and, long neglected, they have finally ceased to make any appeal, being crushed out by mere disuse and neglect. We may place in the

same category those very biased advocates of logical culture, whose ideal consists in the character which Wordsworth happily satirized, as

"A reasoning self-sufficient thing,  
An intellectual all-in-all."

The merely knowing man is in reality an uneducated man, *because* he is so exclusively knowing. He cannot fail to be so; as he ignores those feelings which either underlie or are intertwined with all our knowledge, and, in so doing, he not only mutilates his nature as a whole, but attenuates his very *intellect*. No purely intellectual conclusion is ever reached, or, if reached, is of much value, without the co-operation of those instincts and emotions which intertwine their roots with all our knowledge. Thus the logical mind, always clear and exact, but sharpened to a thin point, may tunnel its way into the heart of problems, but it works like the mole underground. It lacks vision in lacking heart, which is often the very *eye* to knowledge. And so those systems of the universe built up by the logical mind alone, present us with the mere skeleton or framework of knowledge. They are not clothed with muscle and flesh, or animated with the warm blood of our humanity; while the cloistered students who elaborate them, cut off from the complex and many-coloured streams of human feeling, are generally as imperfect men as their systems are defective structures.

But, to return to the relation in which religious culture stands to human perfection, it is true that instead of regarding the religious as one of the several faculties which we must cultivate in order to be perfect men, we may broaden the meaning of the word "religion," and include within it the harmony of the whole individual life, as it is *re-bond* to God, in obedience to the precept, "Be ye perfect." It is a fair question whether this extension of the meaning of the word is not at once a more accurate interpretation of it, and a better safeguard both for religion and for culture. Religious culture would thus be the culture of the whole powers of man's nature in their upward tendency. It would describe the *uprise* of the several powers — their *homage* in the course of their education into life and power. But in either case we must guard against identifying a narrow range of special thought and feeling which we choose to call "religion," with the true destination of man, the end which all men ought exclusively to aim at.

In advocating this many-sided culture, we do not forget that the majority of men



must limit themselves to a very narrow sphere of effort, and that the perfection to which they attain cannot but be exceedingly partial in the present life. This fact, however, does not invalidate the general axiom that the grand aim of every life, fettered as it may be by circumstance, should be to expand to the very utmost limit of which it is capable. That remains its ideal, however much its realization is hindered by the accidents of its present lot. And the injury that would otherwise accrue to one who is meanwhile "in narrowest working shut," may be indefinitely lessened, if he admits that his nature ought to be trained to the very highest energy and harmony of which it is capable; and if he refuses to acquiesce in bland contentment or dull apathy with the limits of inevitable fate. It is the recognition of the ideal, we might almost say its worship, that is the grand condition of progress and of expansion in this life; and by analogy we infer that it is also the condition of our growth hereafter. Now, it is said by some, "we postpone our culture in this world, because there are gigantic practical evils around us; we need to meet and counteract these evils, thinking of other things than of self-improvement. There will be leisure for that in another world." We answer by a question: "What, on this principle, becomes of the law of habit? Does not that law act with such inexorable force, that the man who neglects the present culture of powers, which he might have nourished into strength, will find "that from him who hath not, shall there be taken away even that which he hath"? Experience shows how difficult and rare it is for those who have passed a certain period of life without becoming, for example, catholic in sympathy, ever to attain to true catholicity. As there is a tide in the beliefs of men which, taken at the flood, leads on to faith, so there is a tide among their sympathies which, taken at the flood, leads on to culture; omitted, all the voyage of the life may be among quicksands, and may end in confusion and wreck. The law of intellectual and moral habit operates with irresistible force on human nature as at present constituted; and we ask on what principle it can cease to operate, or be superseded, while human nature survives in its integrity? On what grounds should a man who voluntarily cuts himself off from ennobling culture now, expect not to suffer for it by being proportionally incomplete hereafter? He will doubtless be greater than his fellows in the special sphere he has entered, and in which he has, it may be at much personal cost and sacrifice, chosen to remain. But

on that very account the rest of his nature will suffer loss. His mere intensity in the special line in which he has laboured, however high, religious, or sacrificial it may have been, — though it may compensate to his own mind for lack of sympathy in other directions, — will never give rise to these sympathies in a future state. He must recognize and pursue the ideal now, or he must reckon upon inevitable one-sidedness hereafter. We do not forget as we have said, that a vast number of men must be contented to go on in the tread-mill round of industrial production. They are doomed to toil at a handicraft, or to concentrate their powers on the mechanical processes of trade. Yet they may lift their eyes from the fixed routine of daily work, and in imagination see the fairer ideal hanging over them, as it were, radiant in the clear blue of heaven. They may also derive inspiration and energy in their toil, from the contemplation of culture as yet unreached, but not despaired of. Looked upon as a possibility of the future, it tends to elevate present labour, to ennoble what would otherwise be drudgery, and to redeem the meanest terrestrial work from degradation.

Three results seem to follow from the admission of what we have advanced. One of these is a large-minded Catholicity. This arises directly and inevitably. No man may scorn another's pathway to perfection, however different from his own, if it be really a path towards that goal. As the original balance of the powers is different in each man's life, so the course of his culture must vary; the order in which his powers awake to action will vary, and the harmony that results will vary also. As every class in society has something to gain contact with every other class, as from each stratum in the great social fabric sympathetic movements may pass and re-pass endlessly, so the most cultivated man in one department may learn how best to advance, by studying the course which other men are pursuing; and all may learn how richly varied a treasure-house our human nature is, how manifold are the pathways of its progress, and how endless are the lights of knowledge which all guide to one end. One of the most direct and evident inferences from the varieties of human nature and the possibilities of human progress, is the value of an eclectic spirit, and of sympathies that are truly and inexhaustibly catholic.

A second result of the recognition of the ideal, as we have defined it, is that self-satisfaction, indolent conceit of attainment (that worst foe of progress), becomes impossible. Every one who feels that a per-

fect ideal overhangs his actual performances will retain a sense of insufficiency. Ever craving a deeper insight and a larger wisdom, ever aspiring towards new attainments, and on the outlook for fresh knowledge from every quarter, he will show a proportionate humility and candour towards new truth. No conclusion that has been reached as the result of honest search by other men will be despised, and none that he has gained will be dogmatically assumed to be final. There may be confidence in what has been reached, in alliance with that grander Socratic feeling, "All that I know is that I know nothing." We may have learned that "best of all philosophical lessons, we know in part," without ignoring the value and the validity of what we know. We may repose in the light we have, while we seek its increase, and sensitively shrink from that intellectual vanity, which deems its little light the centre of all truth and knowledge.

Thus culture, while diffusing intellectual calm, always induces a slight intellectual restlessness. As it is a movement towards a result which can never be wholly reached—a constant process of *becoming*, of which the issues are most dimly seen,—the very stimulus it receives from the unattained breeds humility in the pursuer. In proportion to its manifoldness, and to the number of forces that co-operate to produce it, with the unforeseen issues that arise out of it, there is a loss of intellectual serenity, and therefore of the self-satisfaction which accompanies a clearly defined mental horizon. Self-complacency is impossible to one the possibilities of whose nature are infinite. The pride of attainment, however frequently it exists, is philosophically inadmissible in one who recognizes the doctrine we now teach.

Another result of equal value is that the harmonies in search of which some of the ablest minds have toiled so earnestly,—harmonies between reason and faith, between the spheres of knowledge and of feeling, between science and religion, emerge naturally, and without a struggle. If we recognize the fact that all our human powers are in their own place lights and guides, that all co-operate to one end (inasmuch as human nature is a unity),—and that our perfection consists in the harmony of all and the suppression of none,—then the very possibility of a collision between faith and reason is prevented. If we have a faculty of reason, and also an instinct of trust which outsoars the methods of the reason, and which carries us into regions where the understanding does not follow,—

except to put into shape and form the conclusions which that instinct reaches,—there can be no final antagonism between such portions of our nature. Every faculty or instinct leaves scope for the simultaneous action of every other tendency. Moreover, it is evident that in no inquiry can we employ only one portion of our complex nature; least of all, when our study is directed to a revelation which addresses the whole nature. We may not at one stage of our inquiry make use of reason alone, and at another fall back on faith exclusively, any more than we may propose to solve all the problems touching the history of the human soul by rational analysis alone; or to elaborate the canons of criticism by a succession of acts of faith, or by the mere juxtaposition of sentences, wrenched from their context, and taken at random from a long series of historical books. But equally, at all times, and in every inquiry, we find we must combine the action of our several powers, so far as that is possible, and exert the entire force of our being. The isolation of one portion of our nature from the rest produces immediate disease, while the dismemberment of our nature would be its death. Thus, to arrest by some intellectual ligature the free circulation of the moral life, or the spontaneous action of the heart in its uprise towards God, would be as great an evil in the interest of Philosophy, as to cramp by some religious fetter the keen sweep of our rational faculty would be a mistake in the interest of Religion. To be the partisan of the higher portion of our nature is as foolish a procedure, as to be the hired and biassed advocate of the lower, and all such exclusiveness brings with it, soon or late, the penalty of anarchy within, a tumult of the powers more or less conscious. It has the brand of imperfection stamped upon it at the first, but in addition it works to its own destruction. Thus the command to give unto reason the things which are reason's, and unto faith the things which are faith's is anticipated as we study our human nature with a view to the harmony of a perfect life. We are conscious of the faculty of reason, and of the instinct of faith. We are compelled to honour both. We find we have not to stint our reason in deference to faith, or to withhold our faith when reason is dumb, but that both, acting simultaneously, work in concord, and to a common end.

But the question may still be put, Can any one realize this fair ideal? It is easy to issue the abstract precept, "Be perfect,"—cultivate your nature till it is perfect. Can any one approach even to within dis-

tant range of that perfection? Has not the pursuit been always destined to disappointment, and does not the heavenly precept, when tested by actual practice, seem issued in a sublime irony to man? as most of the answers to our philosophical problems seem little more than echoes of the questions proposed; or, as Carlyle says of Hope,

"What is Hope? a smiling rainbow,  
Children follow through the wet;  
'Tis not here, still yonder! yonder!  
Never urchin found it yet."

Is not the same true of this Ideal, held up, like the cup of Tantalus, before human lips? Are there not gigantic obstacles in the way of its realization, inevitable bias, incurable one-sidedness, faults of mental balance irremovable by culture? Nay, is it not better that the imperfections of the individual should last, and the race, composed of many individuals, attain to that which no one man can reach? And is it not true that in proportion to the eagerness with which any one aspires after this all-sidedness, he falls short in details,—that he loses the perfection of the parts, in aiming at the perfection of the whole? Does not universal culture lose in intensity what it gains in breadth, and while it widens the horizon of the mind, enervate and dim its sight? Finally, may not the cultured contemplation of many sides of a problem—especially if it concerns human duty—relax the sinews of moral effort, emasculate the man, and result in dilettantism?

It must be admitted that such objections are not to be lightly dismissed. It is true that no man has ever attained to the absolute ideal; but that is only saying, in other words, that all are incomplete, that no one has exhibited the perfect harmony of a perfect life. It is also true, as we have already stated, that the perfection of human achievement is only possible through a division of labour, and that in proportion to the excellence to which a man attains in one department is his inevitable deficiency in another. With the individual and with the nation alike, the flow of the tide on one shore involves its ebb from another, the rise of the pendulum on one arc implies that it has descended the other. And it is a problem whether this oscillation will ever end, whether one nation can ever unite in its national life, as at a common focus, the grander characteristics of all its predecessors, just as it is a question whether an individual will ever arise with an individuality so great as to be absolutely cosmopolitan, and who will therefore comprehend the scattered excellencies of his fellows blent in harmo-

nious union. It is not likely, though we cannot say it is impossible. The analogy of the past is against it, but the possibilities of the future embrace it. It may be, however, that in the future, as in the past, the man of thought will be lamed for action by the very fact that he is widened for contemplation, and that the man of practice will be narrowed in thought by the very fact that he is animated in action. The temperaments men inherit may condition the types of character and culture which they realize; and it may be as impossible for the individual to choose his own type, or to regulate it when chosen, as it is for him to alter the form of his countenance or to add a cubit to his stature. It may be that in some natures the strength of one faculty implies the weakness of another. But we may remember that in one historic Life all diverse tendencies of human nature were brought into perfect focus, and held in divine repose, and that in that unique Ideal Life we find the harmony of opposite or usually antithetic powers.

The realization of the ideal in that "Life which is the light of men," is a historical witness to the fact that it is within the limits of the attainable, and a ground of hope for man. We do not forget that the Divine was inwrought within that Nature as is not within ours. None the less is that Life the pattern for humanity. The very law of the Christian life is the reproduction of the image that was in Christ. If we add to it the prospects of a state of being in which humanity may expand on all sides beyond the boundaries which now hem it in, the precept which ordains perfection becomes intelligible. If we superadd to the present in which we both know, feel, and act in part, that future in which we shall know as we are known, and feel and act with unimpeded powers, we may see how our approach towards the ideal may then be incalculably quickened. Let us admit that no man is able in this life to reach that ideal harmony to which the laws of culture point, none the less is that the end of his existence; and he may start on his sublime journey ever approaching nearer to that which he can never wholly reach. While he lives on this planet he is surrounded by most imperfect educational influences. He inherits a certain bias from his ancestors. He carries it in his blood, and develops it in many forms. He acquires another bias towards special thought and feeling and action. He contracts it by contagion in subtlest ways from all with whom he associates. Certain prejudices, sympathies, and antipathies are inextricably bound up with the very consti-

tution of his nature, while hindrances lie across his path in the very realms of culture into which he enters. In part, man shapes his own ideal. The best that he can therefore hope to reach is an approximation to that which for ever eludes his grasp. He even ascends to heights which he finds he is incompetent to keep. He breathes for a time a serner and less troubled air, and is blessed by some gleaming prospect from the mountain summit; but he must soon descend again to the more prosaic valley, perhaps to toil in some vineyard in the heat of the day. The very definition of his chief end is, as we have said, a constant *process of becoming*, rather than an act of realization. It is a movement, now swift and now tardy, towards a goal which ever shifts and recedes as his culture rises. Always about to be, it never fully is. The ideal grows as he grows, advancing towards the measure of the stature of the perfect. The very power of intellectual vision which enables him to discern in the distance that bright vision of the perfect, reveals at the same instant his own defects, and he feels from what a solemn depth of human experience the poet Wordsworth spoke when he wrote of those

"Fallings from us, vanishings,  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
High instincts before which our mortal nature  
Doth tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

But if we admit the ultimate necessity of cultivating all our powers in obedience to the precept "Be ye perfect," how, it may be asked, are we to know what our immediate duty is, with a view to that perfection? What particular powers ought we to cultivate at a given time to secure a special end? Since all the powers cannot be trained together, is there no risk of arbitrary selection in the choice of one for culture at a particular period? Nay, is there no risk that the inventory which we make of the powers and capacities of human nature may be as incomplete as our own idiosyncrasy? Manifestly we *may* become the victims of a faulty ideal, and may carry on the education of our natures along some beaten track of mere individualism, mistaking it for what is broader and freer. We may never traverse the wide areas of existing knowledge, feeling, and action, just as we may obstinately take "the rustic murmur of our burg for that great wave that circles round the world." Hence the need of a wide acquaintance with what our fellow-men are doing around us, of the pathways they are traversing, of the inheritances on which

they have entered, or the regions they are exploring. We may say of culture, as Tennyson says of freedom, let it

"broaden slowly down  
From precedent to precedent."

We must be guided by our predecessors, while we are not their slaves. We enter into their labours, while we cannot rest in any of them. But we are in no case left to the workings of mere caprice in the choice of a special pathway of culture at a special time. Our great guiding instincts decide these pathways for us. The balance of our powers being, as we have said, originally different in each man, and the subsequent training of the faculties being very diverse from the first dawn of intelligent life, we find that long before we reach a time at which we must decide what track we shall mainly pursue, it is already marked out for us by the working of these instincts themselves. That we may often begin and continue to educate ourselves amiss, we must accept as more or less inevitable. We may end with being to some extent unsymmetrical, because we began with an unconscious mental twist which we inherited. But it is the function of culture to rectify the bias, to redress the inequality, and to readjust the balance of the powers, so far as that is possible. One thing no man is at liberty to do,—to yield hopelessly to the difficulties of his position, and acquiesce in his inevitable fate to remain the victim of a bias. We magnify the virtue of the chase, even though the pursuit is not not always rewarded with immediate success. It is the condition of future attainment, and is nobler even without the attainment, than is the attainment without the chase. He who gives up the pursuit not only succumbs ignobly to defeat, but that defeat becomes more real, appalling as he continues to succumb. His eye, that once discerned it, now becomes blind to the real destination of man and the grand end of his existence; and he becomes perhaps the slave of some profession or trade or handicraft, solacing himself, after the ignominy seems past, by the more obvious practical utilities of this life. If space allowed, it would be easy to show in detail how fatal to the highest life of the individual is this despair of culture, and of how little worth is any material benefit he may confer upon his fellows if his own life has withered, and its growth been arrested at the root.

There is a wide difference between the preceding doctrine and the manifold special schemes which have been devised and submitted to men for the rectification of hu-

man life. The laws of culture are briefly summed up in this, "*Let your whole nature expand to the very uttermost of which it is capable, in every possible direction, that it may grow into a perfect structure, compacted by that which every joint supplieth.*" It prescribes no rules. It is utterly catholic, cosmopolitan, and inexhaustible; yet it is precise, defined, and clear. It bids us "forget what is behind, and reach out to what is before us," "nevertheless whereunto we have already attained," it bids us "walk by the same rule, and mind the same thing." Now, in contrast to this severe simplicity, we may have noted—perhaps with surprise—that many of the sages who have taught wisdom to past centuries point to one special end, the attainment of which would lead mankind, they say, to blessedness. Sanguine that they had discovered some scheme by which to rectify the disorganization of man's life, they have assumed the office of guides, and have said to others, "Follow us; act thus, and you will be blessed; take this road, and you will reach the shrine." Let us select any one of those schemes devised and lauded as a cure for the varied ills under which humanity labours; suppose it in full operation, and achieving those results which the most sanguine of its teachers could desire,—would the result be really a perfect human state, or one approximately perfect? Would there be an approach to the ideal of human nature? We venture to affirm that even the most ardent and enthusiastic man who had sung the praises of his special scheme, would, in the gradual working out of his idea, pause, and wish that some new expedient might be added to it. He would find that as men gradually adopted his suggestion, it appealed but to a part of their nature, and while it might quicken that part it could not stand alone—that its isolation was its weakness. He would speedily desire to supplement or underprop his scheme by sundry new devices of larger import; and whether he did so or not, humanity would soon overstep the limits prescribed to it by its self-constituted teacher. It would either quietly or tumultuously break down the barrier, and advance on its many-sided career to a destiny beyond its own calculation to foresee. It is for this reason that systems of Philosophy are endlessly changing, that new schools of Poetry and Art rise and fall again. It is for the same reason that History is re-written by new annalists, who study the fossil remains of humanity from fresh points of view; and that Science marches ever forward with unimpeded feet

on the pathways of discovery. We might add that, indirectly, it is for the same reason that social and political schemes are perpetually oscillating, and that commerce finds endless outlets for its energy. The great tidal waves of human thought, feeling, and action sweep onwards with the revolution of the ages, and a different deposit is each time cast forth upon the shore, to become the successive strata, each with its own record of past life, which some future interpreter may decipher and reveal.

In the light of what has now been advanced, we may be able to estimate the value of Mr. Arnold's teaching on the subject of culture. There are two tendencies which stand somewhat sharply contrasted in human nature (but which are not so distinctly opposed as Mr. Arnold asserts)—that, viz., which goes forth towards thought and contemplation, and that which tends to work and action. To these two tendencies Mr. Arnold has given the names—open themselves to criticism—of Hellenism and Hebraism; because the former, or the tendency to thought and contemplation—was the ideal of the ancient Greeks; the latter—the tendency to obedience and action—was predominant in the Jewish race, and characteristic of the Hebrew law. He says that "the force which encourages us to stand staunch and fast by the rule and ground we have is Hebraism; and the force which encourages us to go back upon this rule, and to try the very ground on which we appear to stand, is Hellenism,—a turn for giving our consciousness free play, and enlarging its range." "Cutting our being into two, attributing to the one part the dignity of dealing with the one thing needful, and leaving the other part to take its chance,—that is the bane of Hebraism." "In Hellenism we find the impulse to the development of the whole man, to the harmonizing all parts of him, perfecting all, leaving none to take their chance."

In this statement of the case we detect a very decided Hellenic bias. In proportion to the extent of its national literature, the Hebrew race gave marked proof of the vigour of its thought. It did not traverse so wide an area as did the contemporary or succeeding schools in Greece, but it thought as profoundly and as effectively within its narrow region. The scribes and seers of Palestine did not sail over the distant seas of knowledge (as the Jewish merchants did not traffic much with the traders of the East or West), but they took deeper sea-soundings within the limits to which they were



confined. Besides, the Hebrew race was working out an experiment that was scarcely consistent with vast width of thought and a many-sided national culture. Its scribes were not encyclopædists, *because they were the custodiers of a special theology, and because religious worship was the centre of their culture.* Turning to Greece, where Mr. Arnold says we will find a tendency to the perfecting of the whole man, "leaving no part to take its chance," it is not historically certain that religious culture, morality, and obedience to law, were pursued with any ardour except by one or two of the most exalted spirits of antiquity. But when we examine the great systems of thought that have come down to us from that classic land, instead of finding that a life of contemplation constitutes the Greek ideal, we discover that the whole drift of Socrates's teaching was practical, — though his doctrine of virtue was not; that Plato's ideal (the man to whom we owe the consecration of the term) was not a speculative one; while Aristotle's moral system is from first to last a eulogy of the practice of virtue. On the other hand, there is much to justify Mr. Arnold's phraseology. It signalizes a radical distinction between two tendencies of our nature. His terms Hellenism and Hebraism may be held as descriptive of the two main streams of human effort, as these tend respectively to thought and to action. It is undeniable that they often act as counter currents in the sea of human life, producing storm; while they ought ever to blend and co-operate to one result. Mr. Arnold thinks that a predominance of Hebraism now menaces our English national life, and all our modern culture; and he would correct this by a strong infusion of the Hellenic element, — that spirit which sits apart from practical questions, and lets the mind and consciousness play around the problems which are raised. "Now, and for us, it is time to Hellenize, and to praise knowing; for we have Hebraized too much, and have over-valued doing." We heartily respond to all that Mr. Arnold so powerfully and beautifully teaches as to the need of increased light, and of a larger amount of the Hellenic spirit in our time. But we may ask if there is no risk of our culture degenerating, and losing the vigour of its tone from that subtle quietism which steals over the mind that is always contemplating, and hence postponing action. And is there not a further risk of missing the very light, which flows only in the wake of action. Let your "thought and consciousness play freely round the problem," says Mr. Arnold, whatever that problem may be, of graver or of

lighter character. If this be but a summons to thoroughness of investigation, and freedom from all bias in the discussion of the problem, if it be merely a call to exercise a just and rational insight into every question, we cordially assent to it. But it is evident that Mr. Arnold would postpone all practical action till thoroughly assured of the wisdom, not only of the result aimed at, but also of all the steps to be taken towards that end. It is in this we detect the Hellenic bias. But is not light frequently denied to a man or to a nation till they begin to act? Does not mental clearness sometimes follow practical action, and not precede it? Is it not sometimes morally fatal to postpone an action till all its issues are intellectually seen? And in this advice tendered to modern Englishmen, to allow their thought and consciousness to remain in a lambent state, to let their faculties play around all problems, if it really means anything beyond a summons to clearness, to thoughtfulness, to thoroughness, and to catholicity, — if meant as a check to our British love of "realized ideals," we are convinced that Mr. Arnold errs through his meditative bias. The mere play of consciousness upon a problem that concerns duty will not solve it, unless action is contemplated as a sequel to thought. Hellenic contemplation, presenting all the possible sides of each question, and weighing them in delicate intellectual balances, may directly enfeeble the will and enervate the practical worker. Mr. Arnold would recall our statesmen from practical reforms to the meditative state. He counsels the leaders of opinion and of party, not only to care less about mere party (advice most opportune), but not to busy themselves with the redress of evils which they feel to be the immediate duty of the hour to them, to preserve a soul at leisure from itself, a consciousness unobscured by the mists which gather round and cloud all minds restless for action. "Let your consciousness play with the problem," he says, "let thought stream in upon it." "Good," reply the practical reformers, "we have done so, we have studied its conditions, we have sought its solution, but have found that the problems are not to be solved by thought alone. The mysteries of moral action do not yield up their secrets of light, while we

'Sit apart holding no form of creed  
But contemplating all.'

The enigmas of the spiritual universe do not reveal themselves to the speculative faculty roaming in search of them, as the mediæval knights wandered in search of the sangreal



but found it not. And while we continue to meditate, there is some risk of our being 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.'

The contrast between the two tendencies is seen in its sharpest form in the way in which they would respectively deal with the practical evils which menace every human life. "Sit still, and profoundly contemplate them," exclaims the meditative sage with the Hellenic spirit. "Arise and abolish them," says the deeper wisdom of the Hebrew nature. "Let your consciousness play freely around the problems, lest you fall down and worship the fetish of some practical reform," says the man of thought. "Get thee forth into their midst, and whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," says the nobler law of Hebrew action. It seems evident that to continue thinking over problems that relate to action, without proceeding to act, is to become speedily paralyzed. Our faculties of thought may refuse to play longer around the problem, lest in that very process it becomes a different but more unworthy fetish than the other. It might occur to the advocates of Hellenic culture that were the Philistines whom they teach to practise this precept of letting thought play with the many sides of their own doctrine of culture, it would be a considerable time ere they could receive the very Hellenism that is set before them. The Hellenist is in no particular haste to remove any existing evils that linger in the world. He appreciates the principle, "Let both grow together until the harvest;" they are but a few tares amongst the wheat, a variety to study and contemplate. It would be an unsafe experiment to try to uproot a single tare by an effort of the will; rather let your consciousness play freely around the tare. He is averse to all crusades against existing evil. Did not the crusades of mediæval times, embarking on a bootless errand, come back in ignominy and failure? We regard this spirit as utterly fatal to true moral culture and spiritual progress. History, we remind the Hellenist, is full of abrupt and stormy movements even in that classic land of repose, and some of the most sudden revolutionary changes have heralded the seasons of choicest intellectual growth in a people, just as the most energetic movements of the will have promoted the moral life of the individual. Even Nature has her earthquakes, symbolic of those human forces that are subterranean and under-working; but these violent changes have been productive of ultimate good, in keeping up the balance of physical force in the universe. And whether his action resembles nature's

more violent changes or her more tranquil processes of growth, whenever an unquestionable evil exists, it is the immediate duty of each man to remove it, and to clear the way for future contemplation by the vigour with which he works in beating it down. His primary duty is not to survey the numerous sides of the question in finely drawn analysis (in which case he would easily find a justification for any course of action he might eventually adopt), any more than it is his duty to consider what he would do were the conditions of the case altered. As Robert Browning profoundly says —

"The common problem, yours, mine, every one's

Is not to fancy what were fair in life  
Provided it could be — but finding first  
What may be, then find how to make it fair  
Up to our means — a very different thing!  
No abstract intellectual plan of life  
Quite irrespective of life's plainest laws,  
But one a man, who's man, and nothing  
more,

May lead within a world which (by your leave)

Is Rome or London — not Fool's Paradise.  
Embellish Rome, idealize away,  
Make paradise of London if you can,  
You're welcome, nay, you're wise."

Again, in the same great poem he condenses much thought in a single line, which we may apply, as we have applied the preceding extract —

"I am much, you are nothing! you would be all,

I would be merely much."

There can be little doubt that Mr. Arnold's doctrine tends less or more to emasculate character, because it lays an almost exclusive stress on mere thought. It indefinitely postpones action. The efforts of the will are all subordinated to the calm luxury of the serene intelligence. Though it does not directly inculcate quietism, it does so virtually; as it leads men to hold all forms of faith in solution, so to speak, or to study them as from a distance. Be it admitted that we need more of the light of reason to check the vagaries of a capricious activity, and the impulsive enthusiasm of a very practical people, in a very practical age. Nevertheless, as the age is on the whole as practical as it is contemplative, we must sympathize with its forward movements, or we unfit our natures for the reception of that light which these movements reveal, and cramp our intellectual energies. It is true that the majority of men need to reflect more accurately before they act.

The discipline of thought is the most valuable means of regulating the very miscellaneous and ill-assorted forces that tend continually to action in an unreflective manner. Men must be taught to act with wisdom, grace, and rationality; and if trained to think more profoundly, they may be expected to act in a more enlightened manner. But no careful student of history can fail to see that the risk of lapsing into listless quietism has been greatest in the most intellectual men and the most intellectual ages. Meditative luxury breeds inaction, indolence in facing the evils of the present, with a loss of faith in the worth and power of action, which is one of the greatest calamities which can befall a thinker. In proportion to the very delicacy of his perception of what constitutes the ideal, he may shrink from action till he has satisfied himself that he has withstood all false bias. But a disinclination to arise and take part in redressing an unquestionable wrong is very easily engendered. The fascinations of cultured thought are great, especially when accompanied with a strong recoil from the rawness of the common "Philistine" modes of action, with their obtuse precipitate and unreflective ardours. But the Hellenist is most likely to become disgusted with practical life altogether; and in his anxiety to escape from the whirlpool of blind endeavour, he runs the risk of being left high and dry on the rock of listless inactivity. That evil menaces human culture in every age. Though we may admit in words that thoughtful action is as necessary as active thought can be, we may unduly circumscribe the sphere of action, and find ourselves biassed towards that Hellenism which rests and thinks that it may not work unwisely, in our nervous horror of that Hebraism which works promptly (though it may be awkwardly) that it may at length see aright and wisely. And this is the extreme to which teachers such as Mr. Arnold tend. He admires all calm repose, self-centred, dignified, serene; undisturbed by the roar and strife of time. He pities all the minute and toilsome workers who lack profounder vision, and labour in a groove because they see but one thing they ought to do, and do it eagerly. He seems to overlook the fact that in all moral problems the legislative function of the intellect is the mere herald of the executive function of the will, and that we must sometimes act and obey, *in order that* we may see and know.

We do not wonder that Mr. Arnold is somewhat sad in his anticipations for the future. The prospects which he sees

ahead are not encouraging, and he has few words of cheer to address to this generation. He laments our modern British "Philistinism," with its sordid worship of machinery and comfort. But he offers no scheme of redress. He is confessedly without a system, and distrusts all system-builders. The substance of his message to his contemporaries is, "It is light and sweetness that you all need, therefore get light and get sweetness, both within you and around you." But he does not tell the generation of the "Philistines" how they are to get these inestimable gifts, except by bidding them look back to Greece, and "let their mind and consciousness play around all problems." He shrinks from counselling men to take part in any practical scheme for the amelioration of their fellows, from his antipathy to all rough and coarse movements. Yet every worker, who strives to carry the ideal into practice, must come into close contact with the ungainliness and awkward movements of those who are acting without an ideal around him. And this is precisely the difficulty which the man of the highest culture finds in all his efforts to translate his ideal into actual life. The moment he begins to act amongst the raw unrealized portions of humanity, that moment he meets with an arrest; and it may be sometimes necessary to make a compromise in order to succeed at all. He may have to descend, with his ideal somewhat veiled, to a level where, if fully displayed, it would not be understood; and by slowly unveiling it, he strives to raise the tone of society by degrees. It might even seem as if the worker's own ideal would suffer from his contact with the masses of mankind; and it is perhaps for this reason that Mr. Arnold shrinks from identifying himself with practical schemes of reform. He fears that all reformers lay down their Hellenic completeness on an altar unworthy of the sacrifice. But no such fear ever characterized any great leader of men, any true prophet of the past, any powerful educator of his race. Can we imagine St. Paul, Chrysostom, or Cromwell (to select very different types of men), tarrying in the execution of a great and sacred task, lest they should transgress the rules of philosophic calm, after their voice had once been raised against the practical abuses of their day? We admit that all leaders of the people have been defective on many sides of their character. Inevitably, they are men of one, or at most a few ideas. If burdened with many, they would be proportionably hampered in the carrying out

of each. Let it be granted that practical action is one-sided, — that it involves a sacrifice to the completeness of the individual or the nation. The want of it is equally one-sided, and involves an equal sacrifice. And both the world and individuals have hitherto advanced by a series of one-sidednesses. Time, however, tends to rectify these. Reactions are inevitable, from the very fact that the extreme has been approached; and thus both Nature and Humanity readjust themselves. But the man or the nation that would rest in the centre of intellectual calm, and dread activity from the risk of one-sidedness, stagnate in the repose they love, and miss the gain of the extremes when the mean state is reached.

It is not difficult to explain the melancholy undertone of Mr. Arnold's teaching, and the helplessness of his Hellenic ideal to touch the miseries of the world, and rectify its disorder. He confines us, after all, to individual perfection, and never carries us out of the charmed circle of self. He leaves no scope for the centrifugal tendency of human nature. True, he does not directly enforce the utilitarian creed, but its aroma (if it can be said to possess one) is felt throughout. He even recognizes "the love of our neighbour, impulses towards action, help and beneficence, the desire of stopping human error, clearing human confusion, and diminishing the sum of human misery," as parts of human culture. But it is in their relation to self-perfection that these are valued; the motive that urges to their cultivation is, according to the Hellenic ideal, the desire of individual completeness. This contraction of the area of culture attenuates while it refines the spirit, and dries up some of the purest springs of human energy and hopefulness. When the Greek ideal is exclusively present to the soul, it restrains unnatural fervour, it represses fire and enthusiasm, but it also begets a distinctive type of sadness, intellectual languor, and ennui. We trace this in some of Mr. Arnold's subtlest and finest poems, as well as in his prose essays. Exquisite and delicate thought is exquisitely and delicately expressed; but a sad refrain of life-weariness seems to underlie or to haunt them all. It is partly the absence of faith in the power of unselfish action which imparts this tone of sadness; and partly the tendency of the Hellenic ideal to isolate its votary from his fellows. We miss the spring of creative joy which wells up in that man's heart, who grapples with the evil he laments, in heroic self-forgetfulness, and in the patience of hope.

For the same reason we find that some of the most exquisite phases of culture are overlooked by Mr. Arnold altogether. The conscious pursuit of self-perfection necessarily fails in those regions where greatness, to be sublime, must be *unconscious*; and we never find the unconscious grace of culture when the individual does not act, as well as think. Our thought is most vigorous when it is most conscious; our actions are the fairest when they are least consciously performed; and by far the larger portion of *moral* culture is unconscious. Even in those cases in which an effort of the will is needed, self-consciousness, and the desire to perfect our being by the act, is fatal to the act's perfection. For example, if in benevolence we think of any after gain arising from its practice, the moral quality of our deed disappears. It ceases to be charity, and sinks to the level of almsgiving. So with the gain resulting from acts of self-control and sacrifice. It is only to be won when the very process of winning it, and the compensations which it brings, are altogether forgotten. We must discount these from our calculations, or rather make no account of them all, if we would secure their richest bloom and fruit.

Several minor points in Mr. Arnold's teaching remain to be noticed. One of these is his separation of Culture from Religion, and even from Poetry, Philosophy, and Science; though he maintains that they all co-operate to one end. In vindicating his doctrine from assault, he seeks to prove that an enlightened religion and culture have a common tendency; comparing their respective ideals, he finds that they agree in the precept, "Be ye perfect." We think that in this statement of the case, he has unduly narrowed the range of culture, and exposed himself needlessly to a flank movement of attack. It is at once simpler, and philosophically more accurate, to regard religion as one part of the universal culture, which, in its totality, is the true end and ideal of human life; or, as we have suggested in an earlier page, to broaden the meaning of the term Religion, and regard it as the homage of all the powers in their uprise towards God. Either the term Culture should be used generically as inclusive of all the human faculties and all their tendencies — in which case it will include the religious instincts within it — or the term Religion should be widened to embrace the action of all the faculties when they ascend in the tribute of adoration. In either case Mr. Arnold's limitation is unwise.

Further, we think that he has put himself into a position of needless and (at times)

of almost cynical antagonism to what he calls "machinery." He uses the term in a double sense,—the ordinary one of mechanical contrivance, with its new inventions and large industrial results; and (as an idea derived from this) the routine or stock notions, and processes of action, which have been mechanically adopted to secure certain ends. As to the former, we cannot think that human nature, in finding an outlet for its many-sided activity in the direction of "machinery," acts in a way that is hostile to culture. We prefer (as in the case of religion) to include the practical tendency which finds scope in new inventions to accelerate labour, and to supersede manual toil by mechanical contrivance, within the sphere of culture. Let it be admitted, that it is intrinsically of much lower value than any other kind of effort, bearing on the perfection of the individual. Still, as it implies the victory of man over nature, insight into her laws, and the utilization of her processes, it is the condition of other and higher grades of culture; and inasmuch as it is a virtual necessity of human life, let us concede its value and respect its tendency. As to the latter, we think that what Mr. Arnold would substitute in place of the machinery he rejects, runs no small risk of becoming itself mechanical. Frequently he speaks of culture as if it were some magical instrument or weapon which its followers must wield to effect certain ends otherwise unattainable, to get rid of certain blemishes otherwise ineradicable. Culture, he says, does this, culture asks that; culture forbids this, culture enjoys that. We become weary of the reiteration; and though the worship of machinery is everywhere denounced, and the effort to accomplish by certain stock methods certain preconceived results is represented as the very bane of modern civilization, we cannot avoid feeling that the new instrument may be worshipped as a new "machine," though baptized with the name of Culture. This result is almost certain should Mr. Arnold have the satisfaction of seeing a school of disciples arise to follow him in their devotion to the Hellenic ideal. In their hands it would degenerate. The *teaching* of the master would become a stock notion to the disciples; and either dilettantism would ensue, or a more defined system would arise, and the pupils learn to swear by their rabbi. As we have used the term Culture, it only amounts to a convenient phrase by which the *process of education* is tersely described.

Then when Mr. Arnold endeavours to explain the ultimate meaning of his doctrine, he tells us that his aim is "to see things as

they are." "To this culture sticks fondly." Again and again he reiterates the statement that culture refers "all our operating to a firm intelligible law of things;" but when we ask what this law is, we have no firm intelligible answer. We are not landed in the ultimate mystery of a first principle, but we are lost in the mist of an abstract proposition. We ask for an interpretation and we obtain a formula, we desire bread and we receive a stone. Instead of a fruitful and elastic rule which might become a guiding principle,—a test by which to distinguish the spurious from the real,—we have a barren aphorism, which in its turn runs no small danger of being "worshipped as a fetish" by those who may adopt it.

To say that a tone of intellectual arrogance, especially towards this generation, characterizes all Mr. Arnold's teaching is perhaps to say too much; but his attitude is austere, and his work is not lovingly and healthily constructive. He would have accomplished a nobler and more durable result had he restrained his powers of polished satire, and while more sparing in his criticism of minor men and measures, had contented himself with holding up an exalted ideal to his contemporaries. Respect for your adversary is a prime condition of success in intellectual warfare; respect for your pupils (even although they are Philistines) a condition of successful teaching. A singularly acute and victorious critic of our existing systems, Mr. Arnold proclaims that they all lack "sweetness and light." It is well that we have one amongst us so profoundly in sympathy with the Hellenic ideal, and so swift to correct our British "Philistinism" with its rash impulses, its stock notions, and vulgar appreciations. But we cannot regard the critic's as the highest type of mind. Mr. Arnold is not of the mould of Carlyle, who with all his destructive energy is kindly within, and creative, with no touch of the cynic in his nature. He has the critic's clear eye; but he lacks the warmth, the large fertility, the creative sympathy and kindness of the seer. He has told us over and over again that he is a man without a system. He can hardly expect to induce the age to follow him towards an ideal of which the root is so very vague. But while theoretically disowning system, and hitting hard at the system-makers, he is practically forced to depart from this attitude of negation. He brings forward several highly elaborate and suggestive schemes, which he tells us "culture approves." He is anxious to guard us against supposing that when by the help of culture he "criticizes some imperfect

doing or other, he has in his eye some well-known rival plan of doing which he wants to serve and recommend." But in spite of this protest against a course, which he elsewhere describes as "giving the victory to some rival fetish," he is compelled to do much more than merely "turn a fresh stream of thought on the matter in question." Thus he praises a National Church, and is vehemently opposed to all disestablishment. He even satirizes the advocates of the latter, and imputes unworthy motives to the present Liberal leader; and in his opposition to the unbridled individualism of Dissent, he wishes us to fall back on "what has commended itself most to the religious life of the nation." But may not the idea conveyed in this phrase become as absolute a "stock notion" as any of those which Nonconformity worships? It may degenerate into the mere authority of the past, and the nation find itself fettered by tradition. And may not the advocates of Nonconformity make a similar appeal to "what has commended itself to the religious life of the nation," and plead a *raison d'être* in pointing to the past history of their sects? Mr. Arnold finds that culture "leads him to propose to do for the Nonconformists more than they themselves venture to claim," more than the Dean of Westminster and his party have proposed in their scheme of a National Church of the future. Culture, he says, leads us to think that the best thing is "to establish, that is, to bring into contact with the main current of national life in Ireland, the Roman Catholic and Presbyterian Churches along with the Anglican Church; and in England a Congregational church of like rank and status with our Episcopal one." Is not that a gigantic "rival plan of doing"? and its proposer has not told us *how* "culture approves" of it. We have only his individual opinion that such is the verdict of cultivated thought on the point in question. Said we not truly, that his repudiation of practical schemes breaks down; and that the link of connexion between the scheme he actually submits, and the culture which he teaches, is so vague as to be imperceptible?

Again, we find Mr. Arnold frequently generalizing from data which do not warrant his inferences; and it is the tendency of all comprehensive generalization to become vague in proportion to the breadth of the area it covers. Thus in his remarkable classification of British society into the three grades of the Philistines, the Barbarians, and the Populace, while he has

successfully named and acutely criticized the first of the three, and may be almost said to have minted a new term for current use in the English language, it is not likely that his second term will be either appreciated as accurate or adopted to any extent. On the whole it is a mistake to divide society by sharp lines of demarcation into classes founded on intellectual differences. In no case is the risk of false classification greater, as we deal with a type of existence of which the forces are so manifold, so protean, and so many of its phenomena latent, while their sources are so obscure. Each caste or class in society shades into that which is contiguous to it by fine and almost imperceptible gradations; they sometimes intersect each other, and often meet in the same individual. This fact has not escaped the notice of so observant a critic as Mr. Arnold. But we doubt if he has given due weight to it, or if he sufficiently recognizes the presence of the Barbarian element among the populace, and of the Philistine element amongst his barbarians. If the crossings and blendings of these types are very numerous, the success of his classification is weakened. And if the variability of the type is admitted to the extent which we think it must be admitted, the distinctive features of the three classes, as they now exist, would need to be much more marked, to warrant Mr. Arnold's classification.

As a further instance of rash generalization, we are told of "a law" which "forbids the rearing outside of National Establishments of men of the highest spiritual significance." The accuracy of this estimate will depend on the ideal of spiritual significance which the student of history forms, and also on the glass through which he studies historical phenomena. But we hazard the counter assertion (with a strong bias in favour of Establishments), that there are as many minds of the highest spiritual significance outside of all Establishments as within their venerable precincts. The explanation of the law he has discovered, which Mr. Arnold gives, is, that Nonconformity is "not in contact with the main current of national life." The explanation is as inconclusive as the law. Surely the current that sweeps outside of Church Establishments is as broad, as various, and sometimes as deep as that which flows within their banks. All the facts, we are afraid, do not tally with this theory; and in those individual cases to which Mr. Arnold's statement applies (and it applies to many), the real explanation of



the defect is not remoteness from the main stream of national life, but an inability fully to comprehend that stream, and to sympathize with the mixed elements of which it is composed.

It may seem ungracious towards a writer who has done so much to illustrate and to advance some of the choicest forms of culture, to object to the terms he has made such frequent use of in teaching these. But Swift's phrase, "sweetness and light," which Mr. Arnold thinks the most appropriate to describe the twofold tendency of culture towards the Beautiful, and towards Intelligence, is far from felicitous. Sweetness has a flavour of mere sensation, with which we would willingly dispense; and light is not sufficiently discriminative if it is to be confined to the action of the intellect. There is moral as well as mental light.

At the beginning of this article we referred to the relation in which the doctrine of Ideal Culture stands to kindred problems; and there are at least two other questions closely related to the one with which we started, "What is the chief end of Man?" They are these — "Whence have we come?" and "Whither do we tend?" We may be able to answer the first of the three, without obtaining a philosophical reply to the other two; but we cannot *pursue* the course which that answer indicates, without some approximate solution of the others. And every doctrine of culture which ignores them, or pronounces them insoluble, is to that extent defective in moral power, if it does not lack all moral leverage. We need some ἀρχὴ κινήσεως. What force is to urge the soul forward in this career of many-sided life? What is to facilitate the progressive harmony of its powers? Is it true, as Mr. Arnold represents Empedocles as saying —

"Once read thy own heart right,  
And thou hast done with fears;

Man gets no other light,  
Search he a thousand years?"

Must the force proceed from human nature itself, and its relation to this present state of being? or must it not rather spring from a perception of our Origin and our Destination? If we perceive that we have merged from the Infinite, not as atoms developed by the slow evolution of an eternal Force, but as beings cast in the image of the Creator, and destined to immortality, we have a motive for the culture of our powers that is inexhaustible. If, on the contrary, we merely stand by the side of the stream of human existence, or float on its upper surface, wholly ignorant of its origin and of its issue, we may drift with the current, but we can have no motive to advance. It would be a matter of indifference to us where we stood along the margin of a line, both ends of which are lost in the darkness of the Infinite. But as we need inducements and stimuli to urge us forward, we must know the points from which and to which we tend. Where can we find a motive to progress, if not in the ambition to reach "the measure of the stature of the perfect"? When we remember our origin and discern our immortality, we continue the laborious quest for knowledge, we willingly renounce beliefs that have proved their immaturity by our advancing growth. Every branch of philosophic study, of scientific labour, or of artistic toil, yields us some new element with which to carry on the education of our power. We venerate the past and strive to learn from its rich accumulations, but we aim at a larger and more mellowed culture than any that the past has bequeathed to us; while we remember that Man himself is "greater than anything that educates him," greater than any object that surrounds him in the universe of finite existence.

**HOUSE DECORATION.**—At the Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts, recently, Dr. Dresser gave a lecture, the subject of which was how to decorate and furnish a house from an art point of view. The lecturer, commencing with the general principles that all art should be truthful in its utterances, all decorated objects appear to be what they are, and all excessive decoration avoided, proceeded to point out how this might be carried out in the furnishing and embellishment of a house. Amongst his suggestions were the following:—That of a creamy buff

colour, with stars stencilled upon it, to replace the cold whiteness of the ceilings; the rejection of floral mural patterns that aped relief, being mere repetitions of pictorial objects, and therefore objectionable as backgrounds. In lieu of these last he recommended simple patterns having a bloomy effect, and he concluded his discourse by impressing upon his audience the importance of seeking after general harmony, and cautioning them against strong colours in large masses, repose, not glitter, being the great object.



## CHAPTER V.

## ACQUIESCENCE AND RELUCTANCE.

It was already night when Eric reached Mattenheim. The Weidmann family had entered their winter residence, as they called the beautiful, bright rooms on the upper story of their house, with pictures on the walls, and open fires burning on the tasteful hearths.

Frau Weidmann was sitting with her daughter-in-law behind the table on which stood the lamp, while her son was reading aloud. Herr Weidmann was in his study.

Eric begged leave to seek him there, and found him among the alembics and retorts of his laboratory.

"I cannot shake hands," cried he gayly; "but, first of all, turn your mind from the weight which oppresses you. That will help matters. You see you find me in a cheerful mood. We are trying to profit by a new discovery. We have found that a new sort of printer's ink can be prepared from the skins and grounds of grapes. The matter promises well, and our friend Knopf is probably already writing a poem on this subject. He wishes, that, in future, all lyrics, but especially drinking songs, should be printed only with ink prepared in this manner. Look, here is the new stuff boiling. But you had better wait in the next room, where you will find some very interesting newspapers. Wait a little while, and I will be with you."

Eric, going into the adjoining apartment, found the table strewn with American newspapers, containing accounts of violent election struggles between the Republicans and the Democrats. The latter name had been assumed by those who wished to enforce State rights so far as to be incompatible with the existing Union; their true and chief object being the preservation of slavery.

On the other hand, the Republican party was united in the name and spirit of Abraham Lincoln.

"In these days in which we live," thought Eric, "the great cause is being decided in the New World. In what state of mind is Sonnenkamp awaiting the result of this struggle?" He read on without knowing what he read.

Weidmann came in, saying that he had expected Eric, and asked how Sonnenkamp's children had endured the publicity of this affair. He declared his readiness to serve, as soon as Eric had explained to him the plan of the jury. He added, that he could not as yet foresee any permanent result that

could come from it, but that at least a clearer insight into the matter would be obtained by this means, and, perhaps, the power of putting the children in the position due to them.

Weidmann was the first person out of the family, with the exception of the Major, to whom Eric communicated his connection with Manna. He was not in the least surprised, having looked upon this relationship as inevitable, from all that he had heard of Manna, in connection with what he knew of Eric. He even added, that it was on Eric's account that he had instantly acquiesced in the plan proposed, knowing how nearly the restoration of the honor of the house, in such measure as was possible, must concern him, and feeling that it was the duty of his friends to stand by him.

"Oh, I was so proud of my integrity!" lamented Eric; "and now"—

"You may remain so," interrupted Weidmann; "and I can put your mind at ease on one point. It is certain that the greater part of the wealth of this man at Villa Eden was not gained through the slave-trade. That I know from my nephew."

"Pray, assure our Roland of that, first of all."

"I will. Send him to me as soon as possible."

He asked how it happened that Herr von Franken continued to consider himself as the son of the house, clinging to this connection with inexplicable tenacity.

Eric could only say that he and Manna, in order not to cause more confusion at this juncture, had kept their affection a secret with the greatest care.

Weidmann urged that it should be made known before the trial; and Eric gave him his word that it should.

His friend then returned at once to the preparations for the jury, saying,—

"One other thing will be hard to arrange. I think that we ought to include the negro Adams."

Eric doubted whether Sonnenkamp would consent to this; but Weidmann repeated that the blacks had precisely the same right to judge the whites, as the latter had to judge them. Eric promised to propose this, but begged Weidmann, meanwhile, not to make his participation in the business dependent on this.

While they were sitting cheerfully at the table, came a new guest, the Doctor. He had been attending a patient in the neighborhood, and was in high spirits, having just performed a successful operation. Soon turning to Eric, he said,—

"There you have an example. Oh, if we could only prescribe a sedative that would quiet for weeks or months!"

He told them about the man whom he had just left, adding, —

"See how much the fine doings of nobility and virtue signify. The man from whose estate I came is an illegitimate Royal son, and his children are already allied by marriage with the clan of high society. So, in twenty years, no one will ask whence came the wealth of our Roland."

When he had heard of the jury, and how his assistance was taken for granted, and as a fixed fact, he cried, —

"Yes! That is the way with the old tyrants! They love a mock burial. But you won't see me in the funeral-procession. Do you really believe that he will submit to your decrees? His only object is to compromise other men. He is deceiving you all; and you, dear Dournay, have interfered enough on this man's behalf. I advise you to leave matters as they are. You are trying to help a negro, no, a negro-dealer, to wash himself white."

The Doctor, as he proclaimed his opinion, gave his jolly laugh, which no one could hear without laughing too.

"The fellow would be quite to my taste," he went on; "he would have been a good, healthy scoundrel of the old sort, only that rascals nowadays, alas! are all so reflective, so self-conscious. They are not satisfied to act as one of Nature's elementary forces, but they are constantly making outrageous attempts at logical self-justification. If this Herr Sonnenkamp really wished to change himself, it would be despicable cowardice."

"Cowardice?" interrupted Weidmann. "He who has not a good conscience can easily be overthrown, and has no persevering fortitude. He can be bold, he can be foolhardy; but temerity is not courage."

"Ho, ho!" interrupted the Doctor. "Have I not already told you that I have an aversion to all this sentimental fuss on behalf of the negroes? I have a natural repugnance for negroes. I don't see why my reason should brand such an innate physiological antipathy as a prejudice. It shows prejudice, moreover, to say that all prejudices are groundless. I could wish that we had more of such inborn dislikes, and that we did not permit so-called civilization to rob us of those which we have. The slave-trade is not a fine thing, it is true. If I had been a prince, I should, after all, have ennobled the man. I should have said, 'Good friend, take a bath; but then be merry, and the Devil take orthodoxy!' The thing which vexes me

most is, that this Professor Curtius has obliged the nobles by firing off his article beforehand. Could he not have waited a day longer? Then Sonnenkamp would have been one of the nobility, and they would have been obliged to swallow it as they could. Would not that have been much better?"

The Doctor seemed determined not to regard the matter in a serious light. When they were leaving, however, and he had insisted on Eric's sitting beside him in the carriage, and tying his horse on behind, he said, —

"As for the rest of it, I acquiesce, and, to tell you the truth, on account of your faith. You believe that the past can be atoned for by an effort of the will; and do you really believe this man will repent? Well, your faith shall remove me, the mountain of unbelief. We will see."

Eric told him that he had been at Wolfsgarten, and was not a little astonished when the Doctor said that the incongruity and want of harmony between Clodwig and Bella had reached a crisis.

"Bella," he said, "seeks a narcotic. She studies Latin, and, while smaller natures intoxicate themselves with brandy, she strives to stun herself with Lord Byron's poetry. I ought not to speak of Byron. I was once too much inspired by him, and now go to the other extreme. I consider this sort of writing to be not wine, but — But then, as I said, I am a heretic, and, indeed, a renegade heretic."

Seeing that Eric shrank back, he added, —

"You are horrified by my heresy; but then, it is only my individual opinion."

The Doctor was going on to abuse Bella again in his old way. Eric said involuntarily, how strange it seemed to him that the Doctor should be so much imbittered against her, for whom he had once shown a preference.

"Ah, bravo!" cried the Doctor in a loud voice. "My respects! I admire that woman. So, then, she told you that I had once paid her my addresses? Excellent! A stroke of genius! I admire the adroitness with which she would fain have deprived my opinion of all weight in your eyes. What bunglers we men are! Shall I make you a solemn protestation? No. Do you believe me capable of the villany of speaking so of a woman whom I had loved, even for a minute, or liked even for a second? But I thank you. I am enriched by a goodly addition to my knowledge of humanity. I thank you. My conscience is soothed, for I have not judged this woman

too harshly. Recall this day's ride to my mind at some future time. I tell you, that woman will yet earn some notoriety. How — what? That I cannot tell you; but such a wealth of inventive power will yet bring something to pass."

All this jarred on Eric's mood. Why must it come at such a time? Was there not a sufficient weight on his spirits? He scarcely heard the Doctor, as he went on to relate how hard a struggle Franken had had with his noble connections, and to keep his place at court, owing to his refusal to renounce Sonnenkamp.

When they had reached the valley, Eric took leave of the Doctor, unfastened his horse, and rode back to the Villa.

In Sonnenkamp's room there was still a light. He sent for Eric, who informed him that all had agreed to the plan. He said not a word about Adams being proposed as a jurymen.

"I thank you, I thank you heartily," said Sonnenkamp, who was seated in his arm-chair. His voice sounded like an old man's. "One thing more," he said, sitting upright. "Does the Countess Bella know of this?"

"I cannot say; but I do not doubt that the Count will inform her of it.

"Did she say nothing about me?"

"No."

"Nothing at all? Did she speak of no member of this household?"

"Oh! yes. Of the children."

"Indeed! Of the children? Well, I thank you. Pleasant dreams."

Eric went to his chamber. He stood long at the window, gazing out upon the landscape.

The reign of Nature continues through all human revolutions; and happy is he, who, in contemplation of this, can forget himself.

It was a dark night. A black, wide-spreading cloud hung over the mountains. Then a bright streak of light appeared on the edge of the ridge, and stood between the mountains and the cloud, which grew lighter. The moon rose, the black cloud engulfed it, and now the light shone out on both sides, above and below; but the dark mass was darker than before, while detached masses of a leaden color floated on the right and left.

Eric closed his eyes, and lost himself in thought. When he looked up again, the moon was standing above the dark cloud, and the landscape was bathed in its light, which quivered on the stream. And again, after a time, the moon was hidden by an-

other cloud. Eric looked out long and fixedly, till the cloud had vanished. The whole sky was as clear and bright as steel undimmed by a breath; and peacefully shone the mild sphere of light, high in heaven.

Nature, fixed on firm foundations, works on according to eternal laws. Must it not be so too with human life?

Eric thought of Manna, and with the thought a soft light was spread over every thing, like the radiance now diffused from on high.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE BROKEN-OFF TWIG.

WHILE Sonnenkamp was carrying on the arrangements for the trial by jury, Franken returned looking ill; and, on Sonnenkamp's urging him to tell him what was the matter, he drew forth the letters from his pocket.

He first laid before him the one in which he had been notified by the marshal of the Prince's household, that it was impossible for him, as chamberlain to his Highness, to retain any connection with a man who had not only forfeited his honor, but had behaved so wrongly towards the Prince, that the question was still being agitated whether he should not be openly arraigned on a charge of high treason.

Sonnenkamp trembled, but laughed at the same time, in a way peculiar to himself. "Let me see the letter again," said he.

He read it; then, giving it back in silence, asked what the other letter contained.

Franken said it was yet more decided; and handed him the document of the military court of honor, calling upon him to give up all intercourse with Sonnenkamp.

"And what do you intend to do?" asked Sonnenkamp. "I release you."

"I shall stand by you," replied Franken.

Sonnenkamp embraced him. There was a pause, a strange silence between these two men.

"I defy them all," exclaimed Franken; "but here is another letter. It is for you," giving him the letter of the Cabinetsrath.

Sonnenkamp read it.

The document was drawn up in very polite terms, and contained the request that he would travel for a time, until an opportunity should offer for putting down the party which was now urging his indictment before a court on a charge of treason.

"Do you know the purport of this letter?" he asked.

"Certainly. The Herr Cabinetsrath chose to give it to me unsealed."

"And what do you advise?"

"I second his request."

A convulsive twitching passed over Sonnenkamp's face.

"Prudent, very prudent," he said to himself. "You wish to banish me, and retain my estate."

A horror began to creep over him as he saw a vision of himself seated in prison; but he drove it off.

"So you are of the same opinion?"

"Yes. But, before you leave for any length of time, allow me to point out a means by which you may earn new honors for us both."

"Is there such a means?"

"Yes. I have already told you that there is another faction, quiet but powerful, which is ours, and we, or, rather, you, have the means of binding it to you yet more closely."

And now Pranken told how he had promised to be present, almost immediately, at a council held by the nobles of this ecclesiastical province (which extended beyond the limits of the principality), in the archiepiscopal palace. The proceedings of this convocation were to be strictly confidential. Its object was to confer on the ways and means of rendering the Pope military assistance.

"You do not intend entering the papal army?" asked Sonnenkamp.

"I would, if I were not bound by the ties of duty, of honor, of love, to remain here at my post."

"That is fine, very fine. Excuse my interruption. And why do you impart this to me? I am not of the nobility, and have no place in this council."

"You belong to them, and will be present."

"I belong to them? I shall be present?"

"I will be brief. You will give a sum sufficient for the formation of a regiment, and I can assure you, I have security for your being not only unmolested, but crowned with honors."

"And, having given the money, can I remain here in honor?" Sonnenkamp said with a smile.

"It would be better, if you were absent for a time."

A look of exultation passed over the face of the questioner. This was better still, he thought. They wished to deprive him at once of a portion of his property, and to get rid of him, into the bargain. He looked at

Pranken with an expression of great friendliness, and said,—

"Excellent! Does the priest of this parish know of this?"

"No. I have won over the Dean of the cathedral, though?"

"Will you allow me to send for the Priest?"

"Certainly, I will bring him myself."

"No! Remain here."

He gave through the speaking-tube an order that the Priest should be requested to come to him; then, turning again to Pranken, said,—

"And so you second the request? Most excellent! They sell blacks, buying whites instead, and the whites become snow-white. They even become saints."

"I do not understand you."

"Very likely. I am only pleased at the excellent arrangement of this world. My young friend, I believe that the thing called virtue is taught by means of a system in the Universities: they have a system of morality. We, my young friend, will work out a system of criminality. We will establish a chair in the University. Thousands of auditors will come flocking around us, whom we alone can instruct in the Truth, the real Truth. The world is magnificent! It must nominate me for the professorship of worldly wisdom, which is a science differing widely from the idea hitherto entertained of it. It is time that this moral rouge should be rubbed off. I know, thus far, but one human being whom I shall admit as my colleague into this faculty, and that one, alas! is a woman; but we must overcome this prejudice also. Magnificent!"

"You have not yet told me whether you accede to the plan?"—

"Have I not? My young friend, you cannot yet become a professor. You are still a school-boy, learning the elements, the rudiments. I would fain found a new Rome, and, as once the Rome of Antiquity was peopled with a community of mere vagabonds, so I would fill my city from the houses of correction. No nation can equal their inhabitants. They are the really vigorous men."

"I do not understand you."

"You are right," said Sonnenkamp at last in a gentle tone. "We will be very upright and discreet, very moral and delicate. My young friend, I have something very different in view. The mouse-trap of your cathedral dean is too clumsy for me. I shall not snap at this bait cooked in lard."

Pranken was full of wrath. Sonnenkamp's manner of treating him like a boy still in his school-jacket roused his indignation.

He stood up very straight, and looked down at himself from head to foot, to see whether he were indeed a little boy. At last he said, throwing back his head, —

"Respected father, I beg you to desist from this pleasantry."

"Pleasantry?"

"Yes. I have united myself to you — you cannot deny it — with a loyalty that — I have wished to make you my equal in — no, I did not mean to say that at such a time — only I must beseech you not to withhold your concurrence from this project. We have obligations. We have great obligations; and I demand that you should" —

"Why do you hesitate? Obey! Pray say the word. Yes, my noble young friend, I will obey you. It is fine, very fine. What uniform have you chosen? Shall we raise a regiment of cavalry or of infantry? Of course, we will make Roland an officer at once. Better say cavalry: he sits well on horseback. Look here, revered fanatic, I, too, have my fancy. We will ride over the Campagna. Ha! That is jolly! And we will have the best arms of the newest sort. I understand a little of that sort of thing. I have shipped many to America, — more than any of you know. What do you think of my raising the whole regiment in America?"

"That would be so much the better."

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Sonnenkamp. "A morning dream! They are said to be the sweetest. Haven't you slept almost enough? Haven't you dreamed out your dream?"

Pranken felt as though chains were being wound around and around him. His sensations were those of a man confined in a lion's cave. He must be gentle, yielding, conciliatory. He dares not rouse the lion. He must allow the brute to play with him, expecting every instant to be torn to pieces by his claws. Oh for some means of escape!

Pranken put his hand to his head. What manner of man was this? What did he want of him?

Sonnenkamp said, with his hand on the young man's shoulder, —

"I have nothing against your piety or your pious acts. It is to me a matter of indifference; but, my young friend, none of my money shall be thrown to those cowed fellows. Fine economy, that! Manna

builds a convent; you raise a regiment. And is it for this that I have undergone so much? No, you were only joking; were you not? And now let us say no more about it. Be shrewd, and deceive those who think themselves the most so. You will find that the daintiest morsel. Ah! There is Manna coming into the court! We will call her here instantly.

He called through the speaking-tube that Manna was to come to him at once.

Before Pranken had time to say any thing, the door was opened without a knock, and Manna entered.

"You sent for me, father?"

"Yes. How did you get on at the convent?"

"I have taken leave of it forever."

"Thank you, my child, thank you. You do me good, and you know how much I need it now. So now let me arrange every thing on the spot. You look so fresh, so animated! I have never seen you so much so. Herr von Pranken," turning to him, "you see how Manna has freed herself, and I have your promise to give up the matter of which we have been speaking; have I not?"

Pranken made no answer.

"I did not know that you were here, Herr von Pranken," began Manna, "but now, now it is best that it is so."

"Certainly," said Sonnenkamp decidedly. "You can have nothing to say to me which our faithful friend may not hear. Sit down."

He took, according to his wont, a little peg of wood, and began to whittle.

Manna did not sit down: with her hand on the back of a chair, she said, —

"Herr von Pranken, I wish to prove to you my gratitude for your faithful" —

"That you will, that you can," interrupted her father, looking up from his peg. "It is well. I need joy, I need rest, I need serenity. You are right. A cordial would now be doubly refreshing. Give our friend your hand now."

"I give it in farewell."

"In farewell?" cried Sonnenkamp, making a deep cut in the peg. He went up to Manna, and caught her hand.

"Pray, father," she interrupted. "Herr von Pranken, you are a nobleman whom I honor and esteem. You have proved yourself loyal to my father: as his child, I shall value you, and remember you with gratitude; but" —

"But what?" demanded Sonnenkamp.

"I owe it to you to speak the truth. I cannot become your wife. I love Herr



Dournay, and he loves me. We are one; and no power of earth or heaven can part us."

"You and the teacher, that Huguenot, that word-hoekster, that hypocrite? I will strangle him with my own hands, the thief!"

"Father," returned Manna, drawing herself up to her full height, while the heroic courage which shone from her eyes made her appear taller and stronger than she was in reality, — "father, Herr Dournay is a teacher and a Huguenot. It is only your anger that speaks the rest."

"My anger shall speak no more. You do not know me yet. I stake my life on this!"

"That you will not do, father. We children have enough to bear already."

A cry, horrible as that of some monster, burst from Sonnenkamp's breast.

Turning to Pranken, he cried, —

"Leave us! Herr von Pranken. Leave me alone with her!"

"No," was the reply. "I will not leave you alone with your daughter. I have loved her. I have a right to protect her."

Sonnenkamp supported himself by grasping the table. A vertigo seemed to seize him, and he cried, —

"Do you hear, Manna? Do you hear? And will you reject such a nobleman? Revoke your decision, my child; I will implore you on my knees. See, how perverted your mind is! I have enough to bear already. Do not heap this upon me, too. Look at this man! can you refuse such a one? Manna, you are a sensible, good child. You have only been playing with us; you have only wished to test us. See, you are smiling. I thank you, I thank you for this trial. By means of it, you have obtained a fresh proof of his nobleness. Manna, there he stands. Take him in your arms. I will gladly die; I will do whatever the world demands: only fulfil this one request."

"I cannot, father, I cannot."

"You can, and you will."

"Believe me, father!"

"Believe you? — you, who but lately declared with such firmness, 'I will become a nun!' The infirm of purpose cannot be trusted."

"Father, it pains me unspeakably to be obliged to wound you and Herr von Pranken thus."

"Well — it is well: I must bear this too. You can cut my heart out; for, alas! I have a heart. Fie! And is it for this that I have defied the world, old and new? is it for this that I am thrust out of both, — to call a hypocritical rascal my son? Oh these

philosophers! these idealists! these humanitarian fanatics! He smuggles himself into my house as a tutor, in order to marry millions. Oh, most practical philosophers, and rascally liars and hypocrites, into the bargain! I will not bear it!"

He bent his fingers like claws, and moved his hands rapidly, crying, —

"Give me something to tear in pieces, or I do not know what I shall do. You!"

Pranken laid his hand on his shoulder. The three stood facing each other in silence. All breathed hard, but Pranken the hardest.

Manna endured her father's gaze calmly; but she had no foreboding of its real meaning. He again called through the speaking-tube, —

"Let Herr Dournay come here."

Then he went on.

"Manna, I do not force you; but I desire you to renounce this teacher. Yet more. Did you not tell me that you had sent word to the priest to come hither?"

"Certainly: you ordered that he should be summoned."

"I hear him in the ante-room. Admit him."

The Priest entered, and Sonnenkamp addressed him thus: —

"Sir priest, I announce to you, before these witnesses, my resolution to give my Villa for the foundation of a convent, provided my daughter Manna, here, takes the veil, as she has always wished to do."

Manna could not comprehend this. She could not suspect the cruel game which her father was playing with her, with Pranken, with Eric, with the Villa, with every thing. She knew not how to help herself, when, just as the Priest, turning toward her, offered his hand, Eric entered. He saw at once what had happened.

"Do you know who I am?" were the words with which Sonnenkamp turned upon him.

Eric bowed.

"And do you know who this man here is, and this girl? And when you look into that mirror, do you know whose image you see?"

Then, pointing to the wall where the hunting-whip hung, he cried, —

"And do you know what that is yonder? The back of many a slave!" — He broke off suddenly.

Eric looked proudly around him, then said in a calm voice, —

"To be whipped by men of a certain sort is no dishonor."

Sonnenkamp gave a hollow groan, and Eric went on: —



"I beseech thee, Manna, to leave the room."

"*Thee!* — *Manna!* —" yelled Sonnenkamp, and would have sprung upon him, had not Pranken caught his arm, saying, —

"Herr Sonnenkamp, if any one here is to demand satisfaction from Herr Dournay, I have the first right."

"Very good!" cried Sonnenkamp, throwing himself into a chair. "Yours is the revenge, yours the honor, yours the life, and yours every thing else. Speak yourself: I've nothing more to say."

"Herr Dournay," began Pranken, "I brought you into this family, and I told you in so many words what relation I held to the daughter. Up to this time, I have had a degree of respect for you; and I regret to be compelled to withdraw it."

Eric jumped up.

"I shall not challenge you to fight," Pranken continued. "You have put on a coat of mail that makes you invulnerable to me. Your life rests under Fräulein Manna's protection, and so your life is inviolable, as far as I am concerned. This is my last word to you so long as my tongue can speak. Herr Sonnenkamp, I have one request only to make of you. Give me your hand, promise to grant it to me."

"I promise you every thing but the regiment, every thing else but that."

"Very well: I have your word that you will not harm this man."

He felt about with trembling hands, and then taking out of his pocket a little book, he handed it to Manna. His voice was filled with emotion, as he said, —

"Fräulein Manna, you once gave this to me: the twig is still lying in it, and it is bare. Take it again. As this twig, broken off from the tree, can never grow to it again: so am I detached from you and from every one here."

He looked Manna full in the face, and then closed by saying, —

"Now we are parted forever."

He drew on his gloves quietly, buttoned them, took up his hat, bowed, and left the room.

Manna looked after him with a humble glance, and then seized Eric's hand. The two stood before Sonnenkamp, who had covered his face with his hand, and who now said, —

"Are you waiting for my blessing? To be horse-whipped by a man like me is no disgrace; and such a man as I am can give no blessing. Go, go! or have I no longer any right to command, that you remain so motionless?"

"Herr Sonnenkamp," Eric began, "I might say, and it would be to some extent true, that I intended those severe words for Herr von Pranken, and not for you; but, as they were also applicable to you, I ask your pardon. I was not master of myself, and it was wrong in me to provoke and grieve you so sorely; not merely because you are Manna's father, but because you are a man who has had to endure so much. It was sinful in me" —

"Very well, very well; I know all about sermonizing; it's sufficient. And has not your whole life been a lie? Have you not been a thief? Did I not ask you if you had any such views when I was conducting you over the house? And could you so long play the hypocrite and retail your fine speeches? Curse upon all faith in mankind! I had faith in you, I believed you incapable of a breach of trust; and you've been a hypocrite from that first hour I went with you over the house until the present moment. As to the future — I've torn away the mask."

"Herr Sonnenkamp," replied Eric, "I have wrestled long and desperately with myself, before yielding to this love; but it is stronger than I am, stronger than every thing besides. That I am not seeking for your wealth, I prove by declaring to you that I shall take none of your possessions. I can add no farther assurance; for if you do not believe my simple word, how are you to believe an oath?"

"Indeed? Then you expect still to be believed? Yes, fine, noble, good, magnanimous man, I possess a great deal, but not what you ask, — faith in you. I had this faith once, it was my last illusion. I don't swear it; but I know that it's my last illusion."

"I entreat Roland's father and Manna's father" — Eric's voice trembled, — "I entreat him, as a child, to be just towards me. You will yet learn that I spoke the truth at that time, and speak it now."

"Truth? Whew, truth! Leave me, I wish to be alone: I must be alone."

Eric and Manna left the room, holding each other by the hand. They waited outside for a long time. Joseph, who had been summoned, now entered Sonnenkamp's room. When he came out, he told Manna that Herr Sonnenkamp had sent to the city for a notary.

Eric and Manna went into the garden. And this is the power of love: in the midst of the most direful pain and suffering, they were inwardly cheerful as if all misery had been removed far away from them."

"You must take it from me," said Manna, after they had walked together for a long time in silence. "I don't know what it signifies; but it will not leave me. At that time, when the Prince visited us, his kind message to you affected me as if he had bestowed a benefit upon myself. Do you remember? I delivered the message to you. At that time he said you were to remember that you had been the companion of his boyhood, and that he would like to prove to you that he was not forgetful of the fact. Now, don't you believe that you could do something for us? I don't know what; but I think—well, I don't know what I do think."

"It's the same with me," replied Eric. I remember it as if it were the present moment; but I have no idea how to begin to avail myself of this gracious favor. O Manna! that was the first time it broke upon me how you felt towards me."

And the lovers lost all idea of their anxieties in recalling the past, how they wanted to avoid each other, and could not. All present sorrow vanished away.

On Manna's face there was a light as of an inextinguishable gleam of sunshine: her large dark eyes glowed, for a free and strong soul shone through them.

"What are you smiling at now?" she suddenly asked Eric.

"Because an image has occurred to me."

"An image?"

"Yes. I've heard that a precious stone is distinguished from an imitation of one, by the fact that the dimness of lustre caused by breathing upon it immediately disappears. You, my Manna, you, are such a genuine pearl."

Whilst the lovers were promenading in the garden, Sonnenkamp sat alone, almost congratulating himself that he had something new to trouble him; and in the midst of his vexation there was a degree of pride, of pleasure, when he thought how courageously his child stood up there before him. She was his daughter, his proud, inflexible child. And his thoughts went further: Your child forsakes you, follows her own inclination, and your duty is done: your duty was to the daughter, for the son will build up an independent life. Frau Ceres—poh!—let them supply her with dresses and ornaments, and lull her to sleep with a pretty story. He went into the garden, into the green-house, where the black mould was lying in a heap. He put on his gray sack, grubbed in the dirt, smelt the fresh earth; but to-day there seemed to be no odor to it. He rent the garment in pieces as he took it off.

"Away forever!" he exclaimed. "Childish folly! It's all over!" He stood for a while before the spot where Eric had taken breakfast on the first morning. So this was the man, and he to be sole master here for the future? He to possess all this,—a schoolmaster?

The Cooper came along the road. Sonnenkamp called out to him, and commended his bringing up the fire-engine, adding, with a zest, that the settlers in the far West found this their best weapon against the savages, spurring hot water upon them; and it was still more effective to put in a trifle of sulphuric acid, and blind every one hit in the face. The cooper stared, with eyes and mouth wide open, at the man who could say these horrible things in such a free and easy way.

Sonnenkamp left him standing there, and, going into the orchard, helped very carefully and tenderly to gather the fruit. He thought of the days when this fruit was growing, of the spring when Roland was convalescent, of the visit of the Prince, the journey to the springs, the days of sunshine until now, the dewy nights; and he thought silently, when will there be another crop of fruit? how will it be with you then? where? perhaps under ground; then you cannot turn over the black mould: then his head swam.

It is a shame that we must die, and a double shame to know that we must.

He stared fixedly as if he were bewildered, for it came over him that on this very spot he had said something like this to Eric, the first morning he had come there. Has this place a peculiar power to awaken thoughts of death? Are you standing over the spot of earth which shall be your grave?

He was called away; for the notary with his two assistants had arrived just at the dinner hour. He sat down with him at the table, and appeared in as good spirits as if nothing had happened. The notary occupied Franken's usual seat. After dinner, he transacted business with the notary, being long and busily engaged in writing. The two assistants signed as witnesses: so that nobody except those under oath knew any thing of the contents of the will.

After this was done, a letter came from Bella. She wrote to Sonnenkamp that she and Clodwig would come to the jury-trial, and he must bring it about that she should be among the twelve. Sonnenkamp smiled, for he had almost forgotten about it: it was all very well. Eric requested Roland and Manna to accompany the Mother, who wanted to make a visit at Mattenheim. They consented, and so the house was now perfectly still, almost entirely deserted.

## CHAPTER VII.

## PRELIMINARIES.

THE days passed away quiet and dull. Sonnenkamp sent off many letters, and read the newspapers, without sending them to Frau Ceres, as was his former custom.

The men came who had declared themselves ready to constitute the jury.

Sonnenkamp sent word to them that he would see no one until the time came for appearing before the tribunal. But an exception was made in regard to one person. Lootz was made the confidential agent, and Bella came to Sonnenkamp's room, through the climbing mistaria and the seed-room.

"Just a few words," Sonnenkamp said. "You could not form one of the jury; but I assure you, because such a being lives with me on the earth, I will live, and will yet show what constitutes a man. Here, in this room, will I speak."

He escorted her back through the seed-room: she knew that the door would be left open.

Bella went restlessly about the Villa, and she saw Lina who had come with her father, and who wanted to keep Manna company at this terrible time; but Lina was at a loss what to do with herself, when she found how the family was scattered.

She entreated Bella to go with her to Aunt Claudine, who was the only one left at home.

Bella said that she would come by and by.

Lina went to Aunt Claudine, and afforded her some real consolation, and even pleasure.

"Oh," asked Lina, "are Africans and negroes the same thing?"

"Most certainly."

"Well, I can't tell you how much I dislike Africans and negroes. I've nothing to say against their being free, why shouldn't they be? But they might have become so before this or afterwards: why, just at this very time? Why must they deprive me of my beautiful season of betrothal? Nobody is disposed to be merry, nobody talks of any thing else, by reason of these negroes. It's the fashion even to wear chains now, called *Chânes d'esclaves*, — Oh, I wanted to ask you something — what was it — yes, I know now. Just tell me what they're going to do when the negroes get to be good people just like everybody else, what they're going to do then with the Devil?"

"What has the Devil to do with it?"

"Why, how are they going to paint the Devil, if he's not to be black any longer?"

Aunt Claudine had to indulge in a most hearty laugh, and she was very much rejoiced to be reminded that, in the midst of this monotonously sombre life, there was some liveliness still left in the world.

She was ready to go with Lina to the Castle, but just as they were leaving the house, Bella came. She begged that Aunt Claudine and Lina would not put off their excursion on her account, and shut herself up in the library, while the Aunt and Lina proceeded to the castle. They remained there until the afternoon, and often looked down to the Villa where "the men were all engaged in such a queer business," as Lina expressed herself.

Bella did not stay long in the library, but quickly returned to the villa, and noiselsly went up the steps overgrown with mistaria.

Sonnenkamp went to his wife, thinking that he must inform her of what was now going on. She tauntingly reminded him of his promise to return to America; she did not want the decision to be in the hands of strangers.

Sonnenkamp's practice was to let Frau Ceres speak just as long and as much as she pleased; for it was a matter of perfect indifference to him what she said.

When he had got through with this, he returned to his room, and sent word to those who arrived, that he would extend a welcome to them when he appeared before the tribunal.

Weidmann came first with the Prince Valerian and Knopf, then Clodwig with the Banker, and the Doctor with the Justice. Professor Einsiedel stopped a while at the dog-house, and talked very earnestly with the field-guard, and was highly delighted at the sound views of the man in dog-training. Once he tapped upon his forehead with the fore and middle fingers, wishing to impress upon his memory one observation of Claus, which explained to him a passage in the eighth book of Pliny, treating of land-animals.

The Major came in full uniform, wearing all his decorations; and when he saw that Clodwig had come in plain citizen's clothes, without a single decoration, he said to himself in vexation, —

"She was right here, too; but I thought as it was a tribunal of honor — well, no matter; it's no harm, anyhow."

Eric had made all the requisite arrangements in the music-saloon; but, by Sonnenkamp's order, the chairs, the side-board set out with eatables and drinkables, and every

thing else needful, were removed to Sonnenkamp's room. He placed his chair with a table before it near the door leading into the seed-room, to which he then withdrew.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE NEW CAIN.

AFTER the men had assembled, Eric knocked at the door, according to a preconcerted arrangement; and, as it opened, Sonnenkamp came forward. A bluish pallor rested on his countenance, as he stepped up to the little table where two sticks for whittling and a pocket-knife were placed. Resting one hand upon the table, he began, —

"Gentlemen of honor and worth!" — here pausing a moment, he continued, "I use the words worth and honor, because they are not always, and, in fact, are very seldom, united together, — you fulfil a human duty in coming here at my call, and bestowing upon me a portion of your life, these hours, your feelings, and your thoughts. I acknowledge this favor. On the Western prairies, in the lonely log-house, in order to form an opinion of a man from whom wrong has been suffered, and in order to pronounce a verdict thereupon, and to execute it, we call in the neighbors living on the solitary farms for miles around; and I have done this now, and you have come here in obedience to the call. You are to pass a judgment, you are to decide upon what penalty shall be inflicted in reference to acts that cannot be weighed in the balances of legal statutes. I shall lay open to you, without reserve, my past life. I can do this the more easily, as you know already the worst in my case. You are to see how I have grown up from childhood, and then to decide and to judge. I have never felt pity myself, and I ask no pity from you: I ask for justice."

Sonnenkamp had begun in a depressed tone, and with downcast eyes; but he soon grew more animated, his countenance became more intent, and his eye lighted up.

"I make the declaration, therefore, that I accept your finding, and submit myself to whatever expiation you may determine upon. I have only one request. Let each one of you, within a week, write out his opinion, and render in his verdict; then let the paper be given into the hands of Herr Captain Doctor Eric Dournay, who will break the seal in the presence of two other persons.

"I will now withdraw a moment, in or-

der that you may determine whether you will undertake the service under this condition, and, if you think it expedient, may choose a foreman."

He bowed. There was something theatrical and yet gravely composed in his manner of speaking, and in the way in which he now withdrew for a moment into the adjoining apartment.

The assembled gentlemen looked at one another; but no one spoke: all eyes were turned upon Clodwig, from whom an opinion was first expected.

He said now in a quiet and low tone, —

"Herr Weidmann will be so good as to undertake the office of foreman. We need one to make, in the first place, the necessary preliminary arrangements."

Weidmann at once accepted the position, and announced that he agreed to the proposal for a written verdict. The rest were also ready; but Professor Einsiedel, beginning timidly, and gaining more and more confidence as he proceeded, said that this ought not to exclude consultation together in order to elucidate and confirm the individual opinion: otherwise, all the effect of a common tribunal would be lost, and it would be superfluous for them to sit there together.

This opinion was acceded to, and Eric was deputed to call Sonnenkamp again into the room.

As Eric opened the door, he thought he noticed a nestling like that made by a silk dress, and he was at a loss what to make of it.

He found Sonnenkamp in the seed-room, hurriedly smoking a cigar: he laid it down, and went back to the audience-room.

Weidmann informed Sonnenkamp of the conclusion they had come to, and the remarks of Professor Einsiedel.

Sonnenkamp nodded assent.

"Before I resume," he said, taking one of the pieces of wood with a smile, "I must beg indulgence for a habit which I am sorry to say I cannot drop. I am in the habit, when I am alone, busy in thought — and I shall address you as if I were alone — as I remarked, I am accustomed either to smoke or to whittle, oftentimes both together. I can compose myself better if my accustomed practice is now indulged in."

He seated himself, took one of the bits of wood, and, cutting a deep notch around it, began, —

"I beg that any one of you will interrupt me with questions if involuntarily I leave any thing obscure or unexplained. Now then: I am the only son of the richest man

in Warsaw. If I tell you of my youth, it is not because I wish to throw the responsibility of my acts upon circumstances or upon fate. My father had the largest business in wood and grain. When I was six years old, he removed to a large German town, for in clearing a forest my older brother had been killed by a falling tree. My mother died soon after, and lies buried with him in the village near by. I was often told that I should have a step-mother; but it was not so. My father—I speak as openly of him as of myself—was one of the most popular of men, but felt no affection for any person or thing on earth. He gave both hands to every one who approached him, and was extremely complaisant, kind, cordial, and expressive; but, as soon as a man had turned his back, he spoke slightly of him. He was a hypocrite from choice, even where there was no necessity of being so. He was so even towards the beggar. This, however, I did not perceive until at a later period. At my father's table there were present state officials, artists, and learned men: they liked good eating, and, in order to get it, were obliged to set off our table with their decorations and titles. We gave great parties, and had no social visiting. There were grand banquets in the house, and there sat down at them men decorated with stars, and women with bare shoulders: at the dessert I was brought in, passed from lap to lap, carressed and flattered, and fed with ices and confectionery. I was dressed handsomely, and in some old lumber-room there must be a portrait,—I would give a great deal to come across it again,—painted life-size, and with crisped locks, by the first court-painter, and afterwards sold with the rest of our household stuff. We had no relatives. I had a private tutor; for my father did not want to send me to a public school. I grew up the idol of my father, and he always kissed me warmly when I was carried to him by his order. My tutor indulged me in every thing, and taught me to regard myself alone as the central point of all, and never to pay any regard to my dear fellow human beings. This helped me more than he could imagine. The capital thing is to blunt the conscience, as it is termed: all men do it, but some more superficially than others. The world is nothing but a collection of egoisms hanging loosely together. When I was sixteen years old, I had already fallen into the hands of usurers; for I was the heir of a million, and that was a larger sum then than seven times as much to-day. My father's solicitor settled with them, and, as

soon as that was done, I ran up new bills, delighted that my credit was so good. In short, I was a fast youth, and I continued to be so. I have already said, I believe, that I had no love, no respect even, for my father, who was—the truth must be told—one of the most exquisite hypocrites that ever wore the white cravat of respectability. My father was a very honest hypocrite. Others dissemble, and whitewash it over with a coating of ideality, persuading themselves that there is something real and actual in other things than money and pleasure. My father was also a philosopher, and used to say, My son, the world belongs to him who has strength or cunning enough to conquer it; and whoever takes a sentimental view has the pleasure of taking it, and nothing more."

Sonnenkamp scraped energetically at the bit of wood which he held in his hand, and for a moment nothing was heard but the scratching of the knife rounding off the end.

"This being said," he resumed, "I can continue with calmness. At seventeen years of age, I was a spendthrift, inducted into all kinds of respectable iniquities. I was a jolly comrade, a good-for-nothing fellow; but I was respectable, rich, and therefore very popular; for nature and destiny had been terribly lavish in securing this result. My father regularly paid my gambling debts and other debts also. He went with me to the ballet, and often handed me his more powerful opera glass, that I might get a better view of the sylph-like Cortini, who was no stranger to me, as he very well knew. Yes, we were a jovial set. My father gave me only one counsel, and that was, Don't confine yourself to one. Every Sunday I must dissemble, and say I was going to church; but my father knew well enough, and took a secret satisfaction in the knowledge, that I went elsewhere. Our carriage stood every other Sunday at the church where the most pious and celebrated preacher held forth; and on the alternate Sunday we did not drive, but walked, for then our coachmen also went, and our horses, too, had a Sunday. Our very servants must appear pious. My father was Protestant, and I was Catholic out of regard to my mother. I leave it for others to decide in which confession hypocrisy is cultivated the more successfully.

"Now the question came up what was I to do? I had no fancy for sitting at the accountant's desk, and wanted to be a soldier; but I was not of noble rank, and was not willing to be received at the Jockey



Club simply on sufferance. I dropped off from my youthful companions, and from that time played the gentleman. I went to Paris. I enjoyed a superfluity of the pleasures furnished by the world. Most people plume themselves upon their virtue, and their virtue is nothing more than a feebleness of constitution; they make a virtue of necessity. When I had sowed enough wild oats, my father sent for me. I lived at home, and the specimens I saw before me of what was termed virtue were nothing but cowardice, and fear of not being respected. To be virtuous is a bore; to appear virtuous is amusing and profitable at the same time. Every thing that can be done without detection is allowable: the main thing is to belong to society. I often went from the most brilliant assemblies into the wretchedest dens; and the lowest vice seemed to me the most worthy of respect. I was a roused, and remained so. We were proud of being a rollicking and reckless crew. It had a sort of poetic tinge. Let one be a poet like Byron, be a genius, an exception to the ordinary crowd, and what in lower conditions would be crime is then regarded as a gallant feat. I saw that the whole world was vice under a mask, and I think there is no vice; the name is given, poison is written on the phial, so that the bulk of mankind may not drink out of it. I was made acquainted, whether accidentally or designedly I do not know, with a beautiful girl, fresh as a rose. It was time that I, at one and twenty, should settle down as a married man. All congratulated me on having sowed my wild oats, as it is termed, and that I was now to become a respectable husband and the head of a family. My betrothed was an enthusiastic child, and I don't understand it to this day, how she could make light of my past as she did, probably under the direction of her mother. Why I married the child I do not know. As I was going to church, and returning from it, as I was making the wedding trip, in which every thing was very modest and proper, it seemed to be somebody else, and not myself, who was the actor. We returned, and—but I will spin out the story no further than to say, that I discovered an earlier attachment of the sweet child. The only thing that vexed me was to be laughed at. I left her, and while the arrangements were being made for a separation, she died, and with her an unborn life. I was again free, free! That means that I was in Paris. I wanted to enjoy life: to drain the cup to the very dregs. Dissipation, dissipation, was my sole end: I yearned for distracting pleasures.

— I wanted to exhaust life, and every morning it was new born. My soul was a void, a void everywhere. I despised life, and yet did not fling it from me. What has life to offer? Reputation or riches — the former I could not strive after, the latter was open to me. My father wanted to hold me within a narrow range. I operated on the Exchange. I gained considerable sums, and lost them again, but still had enough left to keep afloat by means of gambling. I was at Marseilles, among a jolly set, when I heard of my father's death. The largest part of my inheritance was seized upon by my creditors, and, because I wanted to have no recollections of home, I wrote to the attorney to sell off every thing. A malicious saying went the rounds after his death. We had had no idea how well he was known; now it was said, 'There was one good thing about him, and that is, he was better than his son.'

"The Germans say that God and the Devil are wrestling with one another for the dominion of the world. I have hitherto only heard of these two mighty potencies, they have never yet presented themselves before me; but I was convinced that there were two things engaged in a strong tussle, and these were Work and Ennui. Men benumb themselves in work, in pleasure, in the foolery of morality, as it is termed. All is vanity, the wise king has said; but it ought to be said, All is stale, tedious, flat, a long-drawn yawn, that ends only in the death-rattle. I have run over the whole sandy desert of ennui, and there is no remedy there but opium, hashish, gambling, and adventure. I took lessons of a juggler, and acquired great skill, for which I stood in high repute among my companions; I had the most splendid apparatus. I lived in Italy at a later period, out of pure wantonness, as a juggler by profession. I was in Paris at the time of Louis Philippe; there's nothing merrier than these frequent *émeutes*: they are the people's games of chance."

Sonnenkamp stopped, and now, boring with his knife very delicately, he said, —

“Do you look at me in astonishment, because I impart wisdom? Well, that is also insipid like every thing else : honor, gold, music, friendship, glory, all is emptiness. The men of virtue, the men of honor, are all like those augurs who could not look into each other's faces without laughing at the idle tale which they impose upon the world. The gods of to-day, in the church as well as in the world, say, we know that you are only hypocrites ; but that you must

play the hypocrite is an evidence of our authority. And the so-called delight in nature, in mountain and valley, in water and forest, sunlight and moonlight and starry brightness — what does it all amount to? a mere cheat, a curtain to hide the grave you are to lie in. What is a man to do in the world? Do you know that millions have lived before him, and have looked at the stars? Is he to be proud of playing the same old tune over and over again, like the man with his hurdy-gurdy, grinding out the same melody to-day and to-morrow that he did yesterday? You see I had learned my Byron by heart. The misfortune was, that I was neither a poet nor a highly interesting pirate. I was disgusted with the world and with myself. I did not want to kill myself. I wanted to live, and to despise every thing. I had madly, as if in mockery of myself, lost every thing at play; and now came the merriest thing of all. It was a cold, wet night; but it suited me well, as I went through the streets, completely plucked as I was. Whew! How lustily the wind blew! it was cooling. Here was I traversing the ant-hill of the great city; my money I had gambled away, and my love had been unfaithful. A nice, prudent little fellow there was, who proved to me over a bottle of canary, that I possessed a capital which I didn't understand how to put at interest; that I was a born diplomatist. I knew the decoy-duck at the first whistle. I was to be a diplomatist, and so I sported that character. New horses, new servants, a new love, and a large new house, were now mine. I was an attaché; in good German, I was a spy. I cover the word with no nice little moral cloak. The life was a merry one. This time the discovery had been made: now dissembling had a definite end. The praise which the ambassador lavished upon me I deserved more than he was aware. Did you ever hear of being insured against the insurance company? I brought the ambassador most important information; but I had an after-appointment with the minister of police, and gave him secret notice of the ambassador's machinations. The ambassador gave me false information; but we could extract from this what his real intention was."

A smile passed over the countenances of the hearers, and Sonnenkamp continued, —

"A day came when I must flee. I had the choice of five passports with five different names under which to travel. I wanted, first of all, concealment; and one is best

concealed among so called honest people. I came to Nice, where I was a gardener. All my senses were paralyzed. I seemed to myself a corpse, and as if I with my thoughts were only the companion of this corpse. Here I and the gardener became one again; the odor of the moist earth was the first thing that, for a long time, had given me any pleasure, no, that made me feel I was alive. Chemistry can imitate every thing; but the fragrance that rises out of the fresh earth no perfume ever possessed. Herr Dournay surprised me on the first hour of his arrival, just as I was digging in the fresh mould. It gave me strength. The masquerade pleased me; I had good sleep, a good appetite. The gardener's daughter wanted to marry me. I had again a reason for flight. I had laid away a good sum of money; now I dug it up. I began a new life of pleasure at Naples. I confess I was proud of assuming all sorts of transformations: I was entirely afloat, in good health and good spirits. I had a good circulation, and social talent: the world was mine. I had friends wherever I went: how long were they my friends? Perhaps only so long as I stuck fast to my money. That was a matter of indifference to me. I desired no loyalty, for I gave none. I was always thankful to my parents for one thing; they had given me an indestructible constitution. I had a body of steel, a heart of marble, and unshakable nerves; I knew no sickness and no pity. I have experienced many provocations to pity" —

He paused. It was the only time during his whole speech that he smiled; and a peculiar smack of satisfaction proceeded from him.

Then he continued: —

"A strange trait of sentimentalism stuck fast to me, however. It was at Naples, on a wonderfully beautiful evening, we were sailing in a miscellaneous and merry party on the sea, and I was the merriest of the whole. We disembarked. Who can tell what transpires in a human being? At this time, there, under the bright Italian sky, in the midst of laughing, singing, jesting men and women, the thought darted through my mind: What hast thou in the wide world? Nothing. Yet there is one thing: yonder in Poland thy mother's grave. And out of laughing, wanton Italy, I travelled without halt through the different countries, saw nothing, journeying on and on towards dreary, dirty Poland. I came to the village that I had not seen since my sixteenth year. And such is man — no, such am I! I did

not want to undergo the pain of seeing my mother's grave. I looked over the burial-ground hedge; but I did not go inside, and travelled back again without having seen the grave. Such am I, so good or so bad; I believe they are one and the same thing. I travelled through Greece and Egypt, and was in Algiers. I have led a life of utterly unbridled excess, and have done every thing to undermine my vital power, but have failed to accomplish it. I have an iron, indestructible constitution. I was in England, the land of respectability. It may be that I have a special eye to see them; but I saw everywhere nothing but masks, hypocrisy, conventionalism. I took ship for America. You will laugh when I tell you that I meant to join the Mormons, and yet such is the fact. These people have the courage and honesty to ordain polygamy by law, while in the rest of the world it exists under a lying disguise. But I was not suited to that community. I soon returned to New York, and there I found the high-school and the Olympus of gamblers. The fast livers of Paris and London are bunglers compared with the Yankees. It was the fashion to declaim against the Southern chivalry; but I have found among them truly heroic natures, of the stuff out of which conquering Rome was built up. Only he who has been in America knows what the being that calls himself man is in reality. Every thing there is reckless, untrammelled. They only dissemble in the matter of religion, that's respectable."

Eric and Weidmann looked at each other. Weidmann had given expression to the same thought a few days before at Matenheim, but in a wholly different connection.

Sonnenkamp went on.

"My five passes were still good. I went here under the name of Count Gronau: the Americans are fond of intercourse with noblemen. After a wild night, I shot a man who had insulted me on the public street. I fled, and lived for a time among the horse-thieves of Arkansas. It was a droll life, a life of craft and adventure that nowhere else has its like. Man becomes there a lurking beast of prey, and my body underwent the most monstrous experiences. I left this partnership, and became a sailor on a whaling-ship. I had shot lions and leopards in Algiers, and now I was hunting the king of the ocean. The whole world is here only to be captured and subdued. I have been through all sorts of experience. I soon gained dexterity enough to reach the position of boat-steerer, and I was appoint-

ed to this. There was one thing more; to hunt men, the merriest of all. This was adventure worth engaging in, this man-hunting: here was a new excitement, a novel attraction. We sailed for Madagascar through many perils. We caught men and bought men; boldness and cunning were called into activity, and the business pleased me. Great risk, great profits. In Louisiana, where the great sugar plantations have each three, four, and five thousand slaves, and in Charleston, South Carolina, are the chief slave-markets; for the most part, boys are carried there, and no elderly men. You will consider it contemptible; but it does appear to me a triumph of human freedom and power for one man to steal and sell another. No animal can so seize and serve his kind, always supposing, though by no means granting the fact, that negroes are men. Yes, I have been a slave-trader: they called me the sea-eagle. That bird has the sharpest scent, he flies off, and cannot be caught. It was a bold and beautiful pastime. I have even stolen the chief who was selling me his subjects. These talking black beasts are equal to their so-called fellow-men in one respect, perhaps, — I say perhaps, — they can play the hypocrite like white men. No beast can dissemble, and, if dissembling can give a title to human rights, then the blacks deserve that title. After the first burst of rage, the chief was very tractable; but one day I was pursued, with my cargo on board, by an English ship, and had to pitch the whole human dust-heap into the sea. This gave food to the sharks. Look here, this is the finger which the chief tried to bite off: you know how he has made his appearance in these days. From that time I left off going to sea, and carried on the business through others; finally I gave it up altogether. I had enough, I had large plantations, and the child of the boat-steerer, who had died in the whale-fishery, had been brought up by me, and I married her. Such a being, only half-awake, prattling like a child in every thought, or, rather, with no thought at all, was pleasing to me. I had at that time no idea that there were women with great, heroic, world-conquering souls."

Sonnenkamp spoke these last words in a very loud tone. After a short pause, he continued, —

"I was living in quiet retirement when the insane party of the North arose, whose object was to abolish slavery. And when my own countrymen entered into the front ranks as the magnanimous friends of man, I came forward in the newspapers and

acknowledged myself a German, in order to say that all were not like these shriekers about humanity. I showed that it was madness to desire to free the slave. Humane men wanted to render benevolent aid; but the wretchedness of the world is not cured by benevolence, nor the poverty, nor the crime. The works of mercy, all seven together, do not help the world, they are all quack-remedies: the only real benevolence to the lower orders of men is slavery. They want to be nothing else than what they are: the best thing is for them to be taken care of by their masters—for the blacks certainly, and no less so, perhaps, for the whites. Herr Weidmann knows that his nephew has been my bitterest enemy. I was in the Southern States, and there I and my compeers were nobles. We are the privileged class. There are privileged races, and privileged persons among those races. The barons of the Southern States seemed to me the only honest men I had become acquainted with; everywhere else there was hypocrisy. I was displeased, indeed, that they wanted to get for their cause the cover of religion; but it was a rich joke that the ministers of religion volunteered their aid in this attempt.

"But I soon learned to have less regard even for this Southern chivalry. They are hypocrites, too; for they hold slaves, and yet despise him who imports the slaves. This is a remnant of the old hypocrisy of setting up a standard of virtue. Why deny the natural, open, pitiless mastership? Why not openly acknowledge that which they acknowledge in secret? Because the English worshippers of rank place slave-traders in the category of pirates? Even the freemen of the South are themselves the slaves of a vulgar notion. Now it came over me. When I had a son, a longing was awakened within me which I could not appease. I know not whether I have already told you, that, in my early days, the thought often occurred to me, had I been a noble, had I with my courage and my ability entered the military service, I should have become a steady man like the rest: I might have been for a time dissipated; but then I should have managed my estate, and been the founder of an honorable line. The fundamental cause of my adventurous, restless life always seemed to me to be the fact that I was a commoner, having every claim to a privileged station, and yet always thrust into the back-ground. I know that it is an inconsistency; I despise the world, and I strive after honor. This proceeds from a youthful impression of what was meant by

the nobility. The only guaranty for the world's smile is rank and genius; without one of these you do not escape from mediocrity and sufferance. I pictured to my wife what a grand life was led at some little court in Germany, and it became a fixed idea in her mind. One can tear out the heart more easily than root out from it a thought. I see the struggle coming in the New World: courage and strength are on our side. There will be a slaughter unparalleled; but we shall be victorious. The Southern States want independence, and this is the only, the highest thing. I have labored in Europe for our cause. We lived in England, in Italy, in Switzerland. I thought, for a time, of becoming what is called a free, sober citizen of Switzerland. But I hated Switzerland: it suffers the foreigner to be free, so long as he is a foreigner; if he becomes a citizen of the State, he can no longer be a free man, but must take part in all their petty concerns. He who is not earning money, and who will not be pious—one can do both at the same time without much trouble—he who doesn't want to live frugally, will not do for Switzerland. No court, no nobility, no barracks there!—nothing but church, school, and hospital, things that are of no account to me. I didn't want to remain in Switzerland, with inaccessible heights before my eyes; it's oppressive, and for that reason, here on the Rhine it's cozy and homelike. Germany is and will be the only land for free men. Here one pays his tax, and is let alone. No one has any claim, and in his position the nobleman is liable to no interference. I returned to Germany, because I wished to acquire for myself and for my son a brilliant position in society. The regard of one's neighbors, one's fellow-men, is a fine luxury, perhaps the very finest: this, I wanted to have too. I wanted to give my son what only the German perfectly knows, dutiful service; and with this view there was perpetually ringing in my ears one melody—the only sentimentalism I can reproach myself with—a villa on the Rhine. This was the dream of my childhood, this, of my mature life, and this has been my ruin. When I looked the whole world over, and asked myself where life could be passed most happily, then I had to confess, as I said before, that it is the highest pinnacle of enjoyment to be a rich baron of some small German state. Here one may have a life fraught with enjoyment without any claim of duty, and receive all honor in a limited circle, and enjoyment besides. I have become familiar with all the different

strata of existence. I have caroused and scuffled with the red-skins, and more than once have been in danger of adorning some Indian with my scalp, and I wanted now to make trial of the red-collars and *their* chief. I did not want to leave the world without knowing what court life was. I cherished still one idyllic dream—something of the German romance hangs by me yet—and, not without reason, I called my house Villa Eden. Here it was my purpose to live in enjoyment with my plants, and like my plants; but I have been dragged again into the world, more by the thought of my children than any thing else. Enough; you are well aware that I wanted to be ennobled. Let it be. I have now come to the end. But”—

He paused, and looked at what he had whittled out; it was an African's head, with the tongue lolling from his mouth. With one sharp cut, Sonnenkamp suddenly cut off tongue and mouth, so that they fell down into his lap; then, grinning like the figure in his hand, he went on:—

“I have placed myself and mine under the protection of civilization; I have taken refuge, not in the savage wilderness, but in the bosom of cultivated life, as it is termed. To be honest, I do not repent it. I am no milk-sop; my soul has been tempered in the fire of hell. I made no concealment of my past history, because I considered it bad. What in this world is bad? I concealed myself from folly and weakness. Thousands repent without becoming any better. Had I been a soldier in a successful war, perhaps I should have been a hero. I am a man without superstition: I haven't even the superstition of the so-called humanity. I live and die in the conviction that what is called equal rights is a fable; to free the negro will never do a particle of good, they will be exterminated, when it comes to the pass that a negro may sit in the White House at Washington. The world is full of hypocrisy, and my only pride is, that I am no hypocrite.

“But now, honorable and worthy gentlemen, is there any question you would like to ask? I am ready to answer it.”

He made a pause.

No one made any response.

“Well, then,” was his close, “gentlemen of honor and of virtue, I demand of you, not for my own sake, but for the sake of my children, to impose upon me some sort of reparation. If you demand that I should kill myself, I will do it; if you enjoin banishment, I will go away; if you require the

half of my property, which is far more than I have ever acquired from the negroes, my fellow-men, as they are called, I will resign it. I thank you, and await your verdict on the appointed day.”

He retired, and left the men by themselves.

Clodwig whispered to Eric,—

“Cain slew his brother: the Cain of to-day sells his brother.”

## CHAPTER IX.

### CONSULTATION OF THE MEN, AND A WOMAN'S VERDICT.

WHO could describe the various changes of expression in the features of the judges during Sonnenkamp's speech!

After he had retired, they sat together in silence.

Weidmann looked bright and unmoved: his clear blue eye was calm, and he seemed surprised by nothing he had heard.

The Major was busy with an internal struggle, passing, in review before him, his neglected youth. He often struck his breast with his clenched hand, thinking to himself,—

“Yes, who knows but that you might have become just like this!”

And he was overpowered by the emotion caused by considering his own case, and that of the man who had spoken so defiantly. He wanted to keep from shedding tears, but did not succeed. He wiped off the perspiration from his face with his handkerchief, and at the same time got rid of the tears. He longed to go to the poor rich man, embrace him, and call out to him, “Brother, brother, you have been a very bad brother; but now you are going to be a good brother: you will be?” But he did not venture to give way to the impulse of his heart. He looked round, to see whether any one would begin; but no glance was directed towards him, except the kindly one of Professor Einsiedel, to whom the Major nodded, as if he would say,—

“Yes, in all your books, you have never seen any thing like this. It is horrible, that a man can think and do all this; but I pity him from the bottom of my heart, and you pity him too: I see you do.”

The Doctor was the first to speak aloud, and he said to Clodwig,—

“We have been, without meaning it, the listeners to a comic performance. A simple-minded transgressor, a transgressor



from the impulse of passion, can, perhaps, be converted; a cunning and hardened one, never."

"With all my detestation," replied Clodwig, "I admire this power, which can so lay bare the hypocrisy of the world. Oh!"

His mouth seemed parched; and he moved his tongue frequently, this side and that, appearing unable to say any thing further. He looked at the expressive countenance of the Banker, and, nodding to him, said, —

"I see you have a word to say. Pray say it."

The Banker, coloring very red, responded, —

"Certainly. I will not speak of the emotion this life-history has excited in me. It is—I know not what to call it; but I think it is a history of humiliation: and perhaps a Jew ought to be inclined to judge righteously, I will say mercifully, of all sins and transgressions which proceed from being slighted and contemned. Humiliation, placing the matter in a social point of view, awakens bitterness, hardness, recklessness; and it must be a peculiar nature, which becomes, under its influence, mild, even to faint-heartedness and weakness."

The Doctor respected the man's point of view; but he did not seem disposed to accede to it. He urged a decision, asking, —

"Have you any method of punishment or reparation to propose?"

"First of all," replied the Banker, "I don't know any thing else, except to take away from this man all parental power over his children; and we must devise some delicate way of doing this, in order not to inflict suffering upon them."

"We Germans," cried the Doctor briskly, "are for ever and ever schoolmasters. This hard, seared villain of a Sonnenkamp wants to teach that his villany is pure wisdom and logic; and he contemptuously garnishes his cynicism with ideas."

"Exile," began Professor Einsiedel, — "exile would be the only sentence we, like the ancients, could pronounce upon him who has desecrated and insulted all the blessings of civilization; but there is no land to which we could banish him, where, stripped of all the conquests won by civilization, he could atone for his past life."

Professor Einsiedel seemed not to take it amiss that he had an opportunity to put to a practical use the studies he had made of the history of slavery, and to show how the Greeks had no perception of its iniquity; but the Doctor laid his hand upon the professor's shoulder, as much as to say, —

"Some other time, I pray."

The Professor gave him a nod.

"Every punishment we suspend over him," said Prince Valerian, "is a punishment of his children: he is protected by an invulnerable shield."

There was now a longer pause. "And yet we shall and must find one," cried Weidmann. "I beg you to come together here, a week from to-day, at the opening of the sealed opinions; and then we will come to a decision. It is our duty to find some punishment that will make atonement without striking the guiltless."

In a faltering voice, the Major entreated the friends not to separate: they had, as yet, come to no proper decision; and he could not help himself out of the difficulty. He would have been very glad to ask that he might be allowed to take Fräulein Milch into counsel, for he was sure that she could help him; but in a jury one must make up an opinion for himself.

The heavy head of the Major swayed this side and that, and seemed to be almost too heavy for him to hold up.

Those assembled seemed to desire to be freed from the painful situation; and Weidmann exclaimed, —

"I pronounce the meeting adjourned."

They all rose as if they must escape from imprisonment, or from an infected atmosphere. They would have liked to go out into the fresh air; but it rained steadily, and there were puddles and small rills in the garden walks. They went into a spacious apartment, and Claus said, —

"How would it answer — allow me, gentlemen, to ask — how would it answer, if we sentenced Herr Sonnenkamp to go back home, and sell himself for a slave?"

As no one replied, he went on timidly, —

"I don't know whether that would be just the thing; but 'twould be something, anyhow."

Weidmann told him that no white man could be made a slave.

"This Herr Sonnenkamp," said Clodwig with quivering lips to Eric, "is nothing but a victim of the distracted condition of our age. The whole of humanity at the present time has a troubled conscience; it knows that it is not in harmony with itself, and this creates a universal unrest. This individual man, driving hither and thither, prosecuting iniquity by night, and extremely respectable by day: this is the outbirth of our life. Ah! excuse me, I feel quite sick."

Clodwig requested the Doctor to accompany him to Wolfsgarten, as he felt very

unwell ; but, just as the Doctor was getting into the carriage with him, he was called to Frau Ceres.

Joseph came, in a short time, and informed Clodwig that the Doctor could not leave his patient.

The Doctor remained with Frau Ceres, who had strangled the parrot in a paroxysm of madness, and smashed every thing in the room.

He opened a vein, from which the blood flowed very dark ; and she became more quiet.

Sonnenkamp did not leave his room when the account of his wife's illness was brought to him.

The doctor again sent word to Clodwig, that he had better remain here, especially as it was raining very hard, and the Rhine was beginning to rise ; but Clodwig insisted on returning home.

Now the Doctor came himself, and begged the banker to drive with Clodwig to Wolfsgarten, and Clodwig himself entreated this favor of his old friend.

The latter agreed at once, only saying that he would first drive speedily to the town to send a telegram, that they need not expect him at home until some further notice. He drove away.

Bella had gone to the green cottage to see Aunt Claudine, and behaved there very amiably towards her and Lina ; but she could not help letting fall some severe expressions in reference to the Professorin and Manna, who had so selfishly taken themselves out of the way whilst such a terrible transaction was taking place in the house.

When a servant came and informed her that Clodwig wanted to set out immediately, she exclaimed, stamping with her foot, —

"I will not!"

And then she added : —

"Very well, let him take me up here."

The carriage drove up ; and Bella seated herself by Clodwig's side without his getting out : he sat shivering in one corner.

"Why do you not ask how I am?" said he, in a feeble, trembling voice.

Bella made no reply. She was internally struggling ; but suddenly she exclaimed, —

"Foh ! You ought all to be ashamed of yourselves ! What are the whole of you in comparison with this man ? He alone is a man, he alone. Here is something grand and strong among this lint-scraping, humanitarian set. You are all imbeciles, cowards ! This Sonnenkamp is the only great man, a strong man, a real man. Oh ! if such a man —"

"Well ? If such a man?" —

"Ask me no more questions. I will drive home with you, home, — you have the right to command, — what more do you want ? Not another word, not a word, or I shall not mind the pouring rain, not the least : I shall jump out of the carriage, I shall go off, I don't know where ; but I won't be imprisoned any longer ; I won't be banished to your miserable, old, pot-digging, pretty-spoken, vapping, freedom-vaunting, humanity-rouged world !"

"Wife, what are you saying ? Are good and evil then?" —

"Pooh ! Good and evil, these are the crutches on which you lean, because you have nothing to lean on in yourselves. A man must be strong, and have good grit : whether he is good or bad is a matter of indifference. Any thing but weak and sentimental ; any thing but hiding behind your humanity with its blissful tears. A man who is not made of iron ought to be a woman — no, he ought to be a nun. You are nothing but a set of soft-hearted nuns. Yes, it must be so ; it is so. A Jew to sit in judgment on such a man, and an atheist like this Herr Dournay ! Yes, the atheists are the only consistent democrats. All are equal : there's no longer any higher being, no longer any God ; then there's equality, and you are everybody's equal. Dastards, loafers ! May you find goodly fellowship together ! He is the only man. He has done you too much honor in wanting to belong to you, you are not worthy of him. You are all of you afraid of Jean Jacques Rousseau, of the fool of equal rights. It is still to be seen whether the world smothers itself in this mixed mass of equality, or whether there are heights for it to climb. You ought to go across the ocean ; there's the last decisive battle-field ; you are nothing but a nobility in a holiday uniform. The Southern States stand erect, and if they fall, there's no more aristocracy ; then you'll all be clipped by the shears of equal rights. Just call the coachman in here, your brother-man ! Don't let him be out there in the rain, he ought to be sitting with us in the carriage. Or shall I call him for you?"

She seized the cord, and the coachman reined in. After letting Clodwig wait in torture for a while, she cried, —

"Drive on, it's nothing."

She turned her head restlessly, this way and that. Her eyes wildly rolling, and grinding her teeth, she exclaimed in a loud tone :

"Fie upon all the cowards ! Oh ! if I were only a man !"

Clodwig sat in the corner, shivering. At

this moment something clinked in Bella's mouth, and she put her hand up to it. What is that? Yes, she took it out—it is so. In her angry gnashing of her teeth, she had broken a front tooth, which had been tender for a long time, and required careful treatment. Bella clinched the hand in which she held the tooth, and pressed her lips together. What has happened to her? The thought rapidly shot through her. How vexatious it was that she could no longer ridicule those who wear false teeth; but yet she can, for nobody will believe that she, Bella, has a false tooth.

They met the Banker waiting for them in the town: he said that he had sent the message to his house, and was ready.

Bella got out of the carriage, and holding a handkerchief before her mouth, and speaking in muffled tones, requested the Banker to accompany her husband, and a servant to stay with her. She hurried towards the railroad. Arrived at the station, she was perplexed; and without taking the handkerchief from her mouth, she told the servant to take tickets for the Fortress. Then she sat still in a corner of the passenger-room, with two thicknesses of veil over her face. She rode to the Fortress-City. No one was to know that she wore a false tooth, no one was to see her with a gap in her teeth.

Clodwig drove homewards, and often wiped his eyes. Above all, his pride was wounded; he, Clodwig, was scorned, and by whom? By his wife. And on whose account? On account of this hollow-hearted adventurer. She has never loved me one single instant: that was a stab to his very heart, and this stab never ceased to be felt; for what he suffered bodily was transmuted into a suffering of the soul. Who is there that can measure this action and re-action of body and soul?

The rain had ceased; but a mist seemed before Clodwig's eyes, and a heavy gloom. He reached Wolfsgarten; but all the apartments seemed full of smoke, full of haze. He seated himself in his chair.

"I am lonely, lonely," he said to himself continually.

The Banker spoke to him in gentle words; but Clodwig shook his head: he knew that Bella had never loved him, that she hated him. He felt himself humiliated, scourged. Bella's words had wounded him to the heart's core, wounded him to the death.

They drew off his coat: he looked for a long time at the coat, and nodded with a sad smile.

Did he forebode that he would never put it on again?

When Bella returned home early the next morning, he looked at her with a ghost-like countenance: he perceived the coldness and hardness of her face.

"Medusa, Medusa!" shrieked Clodwig.

Without knowing he had uttered the words, he fell back on the pillows.

They restored him to consciousness. Hours of the severest pain elapsed before the Doctor came. Clodwig had also desired Eric to be sent for.

The Doctor came, and declared Clodwig to be dangerously sick; the jury trial had excited him too violently, and the drive home through the rain—"and perhaps something else," he added to Bella, who gazed at him without changing a muscle of her face.

Bella sent for her brother; but no one knew precisely where he was.

"I am lonely," said she, too.

She was terrified when she said this; for she felt that she would soon be really alone.

## CHAPTER X.

### A KNIGHT ERRANT.

It was difficult to hunt up Pranken, for he had lost himself when he left Villa Eden. No man ever walked with a firmer and a prouder step, while at the same time he was inwardly crushed, than Pranken. It was something more than external assumption, it was an habitual assurance that sustained him.

Pranken would have taken it hard if Manna had rejected him in order to become a nun. But to reject him on account of preference for another, reject him,—Otto von Pranken!—He was touched to the quick. Otto von Pranken had been refused; and he was very deeply in love. Can Otto von Pranken offer love, and not have it reciprocated? If the girl had taken the veil, and renounced the world, she would have renounced him with the rest, for he was a part of the world; but to be refused in this way, and dismissed on account of another man!—Otto von Pranken loves, and his suit is not accepted!

"Unprecedented!" He ground his teeth with rage. He never thought of what he had been guilty of in his life: he only felt his dignity insulted, his pride mortified, and his love scorned; for he loved Manna, and wanted to be united to her, and naturally, also, to her money; then he would be all right, and indulge his passion for handsome horses.

What should now become of him? For the first time in his life, Pranken felt a pity

for himself: it seemed to him that he was misunderstood, misappreciated virtue, but, more than all, as if nobleness of bearing had been insulted, and fidelity rewarded with ingratitude. How great sacrifices he had made for this family! And now? It appeared to him as if there were a black funeral-procession passing along in his thoughts: you cannot crowd through it, you must wait until it has all gone by.

He rode away as if he had been thrust out of the world. Where shall he turn? To whom shall he complain?

Is Otto von Franken to complain to a man, to appear in a helpless condition before any one?

He laughed outright as he now called to mind that he had contracted large debts, in anticipation of the millions which would certainly be his. What next?

Involuntarily he turned round once more, and looked back at Villa Eden.

There was only a single line needed, only a brief interview: yes, he had but to ride back, and represent this to Sonnenkamp, in order to come away with hundreds of thousands. But no, it must not be done.

"Fie!" said he to himself, "how could you ever have such a thought as that?"

He rode on, and came to the country-house of Herr von Endlich. There was a young widow here: should he now go in? He knew that his proposal would not be rejected here. No, not yet. But he reined in and dismounted. He asked after the gracious lady, and was told that she was travelling in Italy with her brother.

Sneering contemptuously at himself, he again mounted his horse.

He would tell Bella and Clodwig, — no, not even that. He had not taken them into his counsel: in opposition to the rest of the world, he had connected himself with Sonnenkamp, and was he now to be pitied by Clodwig, and stuffed with wise saws?

He turned his horse, and, riding up along the river, he came to Villa Eden again, and the horse wanted to turn in at the gate; but with whip and spur he urged him on.

He rode to the Priest's, and sent for Fräulein Perini, who came.

First he asked her if she wished to remain any longer in the family.

Fräulein Perini, looking him full in the face, declared that she hoped she had not mistaken him in supposing that he would not abandon every thing to the Huguenots. She asserted that she was the daughter of a man who had fallen in a duel caused by a less provocation.

The Priest here said, —

"My noble young friend! Not that, no, not that: what does it signify, this petty duel in a corner of the wood, and you killing one man even, according to the code of honor? You sons of the nobility must wage, under the banner of the Pope, the great contest with the revolution. Also for your own sake. On that field will be fought the great duel between faith and irreligion, between eternal law and frivolous self-deification, and the victory is yours."

Franken smiled to himself; but he did not express how odd it seemed to him, when the Priest went on to state, that, before it was known how Sonnenkamp's money had been acquired, they might have applied a part of it to holy ends; but now it could not be done.

Franken looked at the Priest, and smiled. Did not the Priest know the origin of the money before this?

He had it on his lips to say, "It is very amiable and prudent in you now, when nothing can be got, to act as if you had declined it." But it was not necessary; and why should he imbitter against him the only parties who remained his friends? Yes, he was here still an honored personage, not the solitary, abandoned one, who rode outside there on the road, up and down, not knowing which way to turn. He would now be prudent, he would play with men. He said he had separated from Sonnenkamp, because the latter would not give up to him, and devote a large sum for a pious purpose. He had the right to say this, he thought, for he had desired that it should be done. This was what he would now maintain; Manna's refusal was by this means put out of sight, and his obstinate adherence to Sonnenkamp had in it a sort of religious consecration.

The Priest reminded Franken that to-day was the time for the church conference, and he was expected to be there.

Franken took leave.

Fräulein Perini returned to the Villa, wearing a proud smile. Odd people, these Germans! She would at any rate stay until she had got enough for herself; she did not want to leave empty-handed.

Franken rode off. He passed the villa which had belonged to the Cabinetsrath. Ah! they were prudent, they had secured their part of the booty before the decision. Why were you so simple, so considerate, and so trustful?

He put up his horse at the station, and rode in the cars to the city where the Bishop lived. He was expected there; but how was he to present himself to the com-

pany? He came, luckily, just as the meeting had broken up. He was received with marked consideration at the palace of the Bishop; and he was glad to feel that there was still honor for him in the world: and here he came to a hurried resolve.

Here, also, Bella's messenger overtook him.

He set out, and reached Wolfsgarten. The first person he met was the Banker, who told him, with great emotion, that Clodwig was very ill. Franken looked haughtily at the man; but he had good breeding enough to address him civilly.

He came to Bella. After she had told him of Clodwig's illness, she lauded Franken as the only true freeman in remaining true to Sonnenkamp.

Franken pressed his lips together, but made no reply. It was not the time now to make known what had happened, and the conclusion he had formed. And, when Bella asked him why he seemed so disturbed, he could give no answer.

"Why were you not at the trial? Have you come from Villa Eden? How are they there?" asked Bella.

"I don't know," Franken finally replied.

Yes, how are they at Villa Eden!

#### CHAPTER XI.

##### SMOKE AND DESOLATION AT THE VILLA.

SONNENKAMP sat alone. He seemed to hear in his solitude a crackling, a low, almost inaudible gnawing, like a tongue of flame lapping the beams and joists, devouring more and more, and increasing as it devoured its prey. Such a low crackling, and such a lapping, he believed that he heard in his solitude.

He was mistaken, and yet he was well aware that there was a spark kindled, and it was burning noiselessly; it ran along the floor of the room, it reached the walls; the chairs, the closets, the books, are all on fire; the painted faces on the canvas are grotesquely distorted, and blaze up; and the flames spread on and on, creeping through all the apartments, enveloping at last the roof and the whole house, and flaring up into the sky.

Suppose that one should burn it all up, and every thing in it? No, there is another, a better means of deliverance, an energetic deed, a splendid, grand — here came a knock. It must be Bella coming to explain why she was not there when he returned from the trial to the seed-room.

He opened the door quickly, and Weidmann, not Bella, entered.

"Have you any thing to ask me in private?" asked Sonnenkamp angrily.

"I have only a favor to beg of you."

"A favor? you?"

"Yes. Give me your son" —

"My son?" cried Sonnenkamp in astonishment.

"Will you be so good as to let me finish my sentence. Let your son come into my family for days, weeks, months, as long as you please; only let it be long enough for him to get a new hold in a different sphere. He needs an energetic and free activity. When your son passed a short time with me before this thing happened, I perceived with satisfaction that he had very little personal vanity with all his beauty. He takes pleasure in looking at others rather than at himself. This would be of help; and I would like to aid him still further. As your son will not become a soldier, perhaps it will be well for him to be instructed in husbandry."

"Is this a plan which you have agreed upon with Herr Dournay?"

"Yes, it is his wish; and it seems to me a very good plan."

"Indeed?" said Sonnenkamp. "Perhaps Roland has already been informed of this wish, and of how well it suits?"

"I cannot blame you for this bitter feeling, I can very well understand it; for it is no trifling matter to be placed in a situation where others undertake to dispose of us and ours."

"I thank you, I thank you very kindly."

"If you decline, then no one knows any thing about it, except Herr Dournay and myself."

"Have I said that I was going to decline? You will yet receive one proof how much confidence I place in you: I have made you one of my executors."

"I am much older than you." Sonnenkamp made no reply to this remark, and Weidmann continued, —

"What conclusion have you come to about my request concerning your son?"

"If he will go with you, he has my consent. Allow me one question. Is this the expiation you would exact of me, or a part of it?"

Weidmann said it was not.

The carriage in which the Professorin, Roland, and Manna returned, now entered the court-yard. Weidmann welcomed the Professorin very cordially, having known her a long time ago. He saw now for the first time, as a matron, the once blooming



beauty. The three brought from Mattenheim a fresh strength for all that lay before them.

As they were sitting together in the green cottage, a messenger on horseback came from Clodwig to summon Eric to his side.

Weidmann now renewed the proposal for Roland to go with him to Mattenheim. Roland was advised by them all to go. Declaring that he needed no inducement, he readily assented, and drove away with Weidmann, Prince Valerian, and Knopf. He was protected and sheltered by such a number of good men.

Mattenheim was situated on the other bank of the Rhine; and, while the carriage was being ferried across, Roland stood at the stern of the boat, and gazed in silence for a long time at the parental home. Tears came into his eyes; but he restrained them.

A tornado swept through the park, eddying around the house; and the fires just kindled in it were extinguished. The many fire-places were of no avail, the whole house was full of smoke; and a whirling gust of wind seemed to tear all the inmates of Villa Eden away from each other. Roland was gone, Franken was seen there no more, Manna lived with the Professorin in the green cottage, and Eric had ridden away. Only Sonnenkamp and Frau Ceres were there. Fräulein Perini came, and informed Sonnenkamp that his wife desired to speak with him instantly: she was in a state wholly beyond her control.

Sonnenkamp hurried to Frau Ceres' apartment; but she was not there. The maid said that as soon as Fräulein Perini had left the room, she had hurried through the house into the park. They went after her immediately, calling her by name. They found her, at last, sitting on the river bank, in the midst of the storm, splendidly dressed, with a coronet on her head, thick rows of pearls on her bare neck, heavy bracelets on her arms, and a girdle of glittering emeralds around her waist. She looked at Sonnenkamp with a strange smile, and then said, —

"You have given me rich and beautiful ornaments."

She seemed to grow taller: she threw back her black hair.

"Look, here is the dagger! I wanted to kill myself with it; but I hurl it away from me."

The hilt of precious stones and pearls sparkled through the air, plunged into the water, and sank.

"What are you doing? What does this mean?"

"Come back with me!" she cried, "or, look, I will throw myself into the river, and take with me these ornaments, the half of your riches."

"You are a deluded child," said Sonnenkamp contemptuously. "You think, do you, that these are genuine stones? I have never given into your keeping, you simple child, any but imitation jewels: the genuine ones, in a like setting and case, I have fast enough in my own possession, in the burglar-proof safe."

"So! You are shrewd," replied Frau Ceres.

"And you, my wild child, you are not crazy."

"No, I am not, if I'm not made so. I shall remain with you, and never leave you for a single instant. Oh! I know you — Oh! I know you, you will forsake me."

Sonnenkamp shuddered.

What does this mean? How does it come to pass that this simple-minded creature has called out his slumbering thoughts, and brought them up from the depths of his soul? He addressed the kindest words to Frau Ceres, and, bringing her back to the house, kissed her. She became quieter; but the dermination was fixed in him to become free. There was only one thing to be won, and then away into the wide, wide world! But first of all, he must go to the capital, and shoot down Professor Crutius. He struggled and wrestled with the thought, and at last he was obliged to give it up. But the other thing must be. In confirmation of this hidden impression of his soul, there came a messenger from Eric, with the tidings that he could not leave Wolfsgarten, for Count Clodwig was at the point of death.

## CHAPTER XII.

### A TRYING INTERVIEW.

ERIC rode to Wolfsgarten. He met on the way the Major and Fräulein Milch, who were walking close together under one large umbrella.

Eric told them that Clodwig was dangerously sick, and the Major said, —

"Don't let him have any other nurse. Fräulein Milch will come and take care of him. Herr Captain, one ought to be sick for once, so as to have Fräulein Milch nurse him."

Fräulein Milch declared herself ready to come to Clodwig, if she were called upon.

Eric rode on, and now sought to put in a right point of view all that he had experi-

enced, so that he might gain the strength necessary to bear up under coming events. How much had happened to him and to others since he rode out from Wolfsgarten to Villa Eden? Every thing passed through his soul, and he breathed deep in silent satisfaction as he thought what would have been his condition now, if he had not exerted all his strength to bring himself into right relations with Bella. How different would it be, were he riding now with a soul torn by conflicting feelings, unable to help wishing for Clodwig's death in order that he might get possession of Bella, and obliged to stand like the most abject hypocrite by the bedside of the dying one. No poet yet has ventured to depict the mental state of two people who expect to base their happiness on the news of another's death; and these, no criminals but cultivated, and intelligent.

Eric looked upon himself as one rescued from destruction. Never was a man possessed by more pious emotions than Eric was now, as, stopping, he said to himself, —

"I thank thee, thou Eternal and Ineffable Spirit; for it is not I who have, through my education and inherited tendencies, become what I am. I am now pure: I will not be unworthy of it, but keep myself pure and innocent."

Wanting to get rid, finally, of his thoughts and speculations, he spoke to the messenger, an old confidential servant of the Wolfsgarten family. The messenger related how Clodwig had come home from Villa Eden in company with the Banker, and how they had thought he would have died at that time.

The servant turned round, and, pointing with his whip to Villa Eden, said, "There's no queerer state of things anywhere than in this world." In the midst of his deep distress, Eric could not help laughing aloud at this odd remark.

"Is any one of the relatives at Wolfsgarten?"

"No: the Jew is the only one there. But he is a friend of our master."

Eric regretted that he had entered into conversation with the servant, for he could not restrain him from talking about what he thought would be done, if the gracious master should die.

At the last hill, Eric dismounted, and walked over the wooded height. It was all still. The hornbeam tree, which first leaves out, was now the first to let fall its yellow leaves: there was a rustling and a low crackling in the wood, and only the hawk screeched above on the height.

Eric came in front of the manor-house, and entered the courtyard. He went to Bella, who looked pale and as if suffering severely. He entered just at the moment that Bella was asking her brother of the news at Villa Eden.

Eric was startled to meet Franken here. Both had to use the strongest self-control in order to stand up under the interview.

Bella thanked Eric for being the first one to come to her.

"He is now asleep," said she: "he talks constantly of you. Be composed: you will hardly know him; give in to him in every thing, he is very excitable."

Bella's voice was hoarse; and, covering her eyes with a white handkerchief, she asked, —

"Were you present when your father died?"

Eric said that he was.

Bella went to inform Clodwig of Eric's arrival. Franken and Eric were by themselves. For a long time neither spoke: at last, Franken began, —

"I never thought that I should speak again to Herr Dournay; but we are now at a sick-bed, and for the sake of the invalid" —

"I thank you."

"I beg you to give me no thanks, and to speak to me just as little as possible, — just enough to excite no remark and nothing more."

He turned round and was about to go.

"Just one word," Eric requested. "We shall soon see an eye closed in death that has always beamed with gentle and noble feeling; let all bitterness toward me disappear, or, for a time, be suspended. Let us not, at such an hour as this, stand in hostility to each other."

"You can talk well: I know that."

"And I want to say what it is well for you to listen to. It troubles me that I appear to you ungrateful; but now, in this mysterious presence which awaits us all, I repeat" —

Bella returned and said, —

"He is still asleep. O Herr Dournay! Clodwig loves you more than he loves any other person in the world."

She gave Eric her hand, and it was cold as ice. The three were speechless for some time, until Eric asked, —

"Is there no hope?"

"No. The Doctor says that he has probably only a few hours to live. Do you hear any thing? The Doctor has promised to come, — to return immediately. Oh, if I could only induce Clodwig to call in

another physician! Do urge him to do it: I have no confidence in Doctor Richard."

Eric made no reply.

"Ah, my God!" lamented Bella, "how forsaken we are in our need. You will remain with us, will you not? You will not abandon us?"

Eric promised to remain.

It had a strange sound, a reminiscence out of the past, with its forms of courtesy, as Bella now asked pardon for not having inquired after Eric's mother, Frau Ceres, and Manna; and, with a peculiar jerking out of the words, she asked,—

"How is Herr Sonnenkamp?"

A servant came, and announced that the Herr Count had waked up, and had asked immediately, if Herr Captain Dournay had not yet come.

"Go to him," said Bella, laying her hand upon Eric's shoulder. "Go to him, I beg you; but let it come as if from you, and not from me, that another physician should be called in."

Eric went; and, as soon as he had gone, Bella said hurriedly to Franken,—

"Otto, get rid of the Jew as politely as you can. What does he want here?"

Franken went to the Banker.

Bella was alone, and could not control her feeling of unrest. She had already arranged in thought the announcement of the decease, and had even written the words,—

"To relatives and friends I make the painful announcement, that my beloved husband, Count von Wolfsgarten of Wolfsgarten, formerly ambassador of his royal Highness at Rome, Knight of the first rank, has died after a short illness, at the age of sixty-five. I beg their silent sympathy."

"BELLA COUNTESS VON WOLFSGARTEN (*née*, Von Franken).

A demon continually whispered to her this announcement: she saw it before her eyes with a black border, even while Clodwig was still living. Why is this? What suggests these words, and brings them so clearly before her eyes? She could not get away from them. She took up the sheet of paper, tore it up, and threw the pieces out of the window into the rain.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE LAST BLUE FLOWER.

ERIC, meanwhile, had entered the sick-chamber.

"Are you here at last?" cried Clodwig.

His voice was faint; and the small childlike hand which the sick man extended toward him appeared more delicate than ever.

"Sit down," said he; "don't be so broken down: you are young and strong, and have a good conscience. Let me take your hand. It is a happiness to die in the full possession of my senses: I have often desired to die a sudden death. Better as it is. Tell me, how is your mother? Are you really betrothed to the daughter of that terrible man?"

Eric could not yet utter a word: he only nodded without speaking, and Clodwig continued,—

"That is fine, an instance of the grand truth of compensation in the world. Once, you were to become my son — my son! It is better as it is. I am to have no son. But tell me, how is Roland? Did he not want to come with you? I see him, the splendid youth! he is present all the time. You have done well, Eric, entirely well. You will stay with the young man. If we could only know what will become of the father!"

Before Eric could answer, the invalid lay back upon the pillow. He seemed to have fallen asleep. Nothing was heard but the ticking of the clock; and now a carriage drove into the court-yard, the wheels cutting into the gravel.

Clodwig awoke.

"That is the Doctor," he said aloud. He requested the attendant to say to the physician that he would like to be left with Eric alone for a time. The nurse gave the commission to the servant, and remained in the anteroom. Sitting upright, Clodwig said,—

"Shut the door: I want to speak to you in private."

Eric sat by the bedside, and Clodwig began,—

"This Sonnenkamp, so audacious, and yet — hypocrisy, it is everywhere; a jumble of grimaces, of masks who do not know one another. A sentence upon Sonnenkamp? I have let him off entirely. His path is zigzag, his goal horrible. Who shall judge? I say it here to you, my brain received a fatal lesion when the fearful thought entered into it. When I look over my own life, what is it? I have filled out a uniform: we are walking, empty sentry-boxes, painted with the national color. If a discharge comes, we think it something very mysterious; we whisper — all a farce. The life of most persons is hypocrisy, and so is mine, so long, so honorable! We have no courage, we do not confess what we are. We are encumbered with forms, compliances,

courtesies, conformities; and all is false inside. We never tell each other what we are as we acknowledge it to ourselves. Don't be afraid. I have no crime, no transgression, now, to acknowledge and to feel remorse for. I have been all my life pure as thousands, as millions, by my side; but I have not been the person that I really am. Do you know that grand word which God spake when he revealed himself in the desert to the holy Shepherd? It is this. This is God. 'I am that I am.' This is the truth, truthfulness, the divine in every man; and men deny it. Who can say I am that I am? I never could, and millions by my side could not. We are all glossed over outside, all and everywhere over-refined — no, not all, but most of us: were all so, the sun would never again rise upon the earth. But the time will come, and you are one of those awaiting its coming, you will share in its life, — the time will come, when men shall dissemble no more, shall lie no more, shall pass themselves off for no more than they are, and shall be what they profess to be. Do you comprehend me?"

"Perfectly, perfectly."

"Know, then, I tell you that I have not done what I ought to have done. I have not gone from hour to hour into the presence of those in power, and said, 'Thus am I, and thus must you be.' I have lulled myself with a false philosophy; I have persuaded myself that all would be spontaneously unfolded of itself; that we are in the direct line of the developing tendencies, and we have nothing to do in furtherance thereof. Ha, ha! unfold of itself! Yes, death comes of itself, death comes, and takes away the life that was no real life, no candid revealment, no genuine self. I once knew a great actor. To an actor, death will always be the hardest, not only because he has so often counterfeited death, but because he knows that he leaves behind him his parts, his masks, his paints, his wilted wreaths, his rounds of applause, and he can never be called out again. My son, we diplomatists, we die the death of the actor. I have led an unprofitable life. I had no fatherland to give me other than diplomatic farces to perform. My life has been a busy inactivity: I have spent the greatest part of my life in the livery and the defence of a cause which I did not respect, scarcely had any regard for. Here is this slave-trader. Fie! the whole world calls out in horror: and yet, in circles held in high estimation, there are far worse than slave-traders. Others, again, are not in the house of correction,

because they were under no necessity of stealing, and because they were bought off by money from being positively immoral. There, give me now, I beg, a cooling draught, my mouth is parched."

Eric gave Clodwig a draught; but they were both so awkward, that it was almost all spilled.

"No matter, no matter," said Clodwig, smiling, "that's the way in this world: only the smaller part is really drunk, the larger part gets spilled, wasted. There, now go, and let the Doctor come, but come back again afterwards."

Eric went and called the physician. Bella asked what Clodwig had been talking about. He could only answer in general terms, and begged to be allowed to go into the open air for refreshment.

He went into the garden. The November wind was raging, and the rain driving fiercely. Eric wrapped himself in his cloak, and went into the wood: it did him good to walk in the midst of the uproar of the elements. He went through the park and the wood, by the same path which he had followed on the morning after telling the story of his life to his newly-won friend Clodwig. Now he could not stride on in exultant mood, as if borne onward by an external force; now he must battle with the storm which roared over him through the tree-tops. Now, as then, he stood under the covered pavilion; but in the wide landscape he could see nothing but clouds of driving rain. Close to the wall of the building there was still one beautiful blue-bell: unconsciously he broke it off, and, as he returned to the house, it occurred to him to carry the flower to the invalid. He entered the sick-chamber, and Clodwig cried, —

"Ah, the blue flower! You gather it and bring it to me. We have dreamed of them often in my youth. Youth, youth!" repeated the sick man often.

He seized the flower, then leaned far out of bed, and smelled of Eric's clothes, saying, —

"Ah! my son, why do the Bible pictures come up before me now? The patriarch Isaac said to his son as he came to his sick-bed, 'The smell of my son is as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed.' Yes, Eric, you bring all the free air of the fields into my sick-room. When I am no more, remember that you have done me good."

Eric wept.

"Yes, weep, it is well, it will do you no harm that I make your heart heavy. You will be happy and active on the earth

whose clods will soon rest on me. Only, I pray you, stay by me when I die; and when I am dead, and they prepare me for the grave, take something from my heart which must stay there till it has stopped beating. Stay with me, Eric, I will not think of petty, individual interests. I will not leave the world in hatred and anger — no, not in hatred and anger against any man. Help me to attain to the universal, the grand: in those I will live and die."

He lay back on his pillows; and, as Eric leaned over him, his breath came quietly, and on his face was a gentle smile. What thoughts might now be stirring this soul?

Eric wanted to send a messenger to Villa Eden, to say that he must remain where he was. Lootz, who had been sent by Herr Sonnenkamp to inquire for the Count, carried the message back.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### MEMORIES OF CHILDHOOD OF A DYING SEER.

CLODWIG slept several hours, while Eric sat with the Banker, and drew refreshment from his self-forgetting sympathy. The Banker failed in many of the ordinary forms of society; but he possessed a nature full of tact, and, in the midst of his deep emotion, Eric thought that only unselfishness has genuine tact. Want of tact is at bottom selfishness; for the man who is without it thinks and acts only for himself.

Eric now saw the Banker in a new light. In Carlsbad he had made rather an effort to display his intelligence; but now his gentle and sensible character showed itself naturally. Eric remembered the Banker's once having said to him at Carlsbad, "The Jews are the children of compassion: they understand how to bear and to relieve sorrow much better than to create joy; the remembrance of past oppression gives them sympathy with all suffering."

The Banker was ready to lend help at any moment, but allowed himself to be put in the background again immediately.

Bella treated him with manifest neglect, but he took it good-humoredly, showing without words that he was not offended. She acted like her mother's own child; and moreover, he thought, she was not his friend. Clodwig was his friend, and he regarded it as a duty to bear something for his sake. He sat in the library, ready to answer any call, and retiring again as soon

as he believed himself in the way. Towards midnight, Eric was suddenly summoned; Clodwig had waked, and asked for him.

"Ah! I have slept so well," said Clodwig; "and it's strange, I constantly dream now of my cousin Hatty, whom I am to marry. I like her, and she likes me; but she has learned, and will learn nothing at all, and she has such a shrill laugh, and says, 'Come, Clodwig, you're so sad, come, marry me, we'll be merry.' And then I say, 'Child, I'm so old already! see, I've no teeth left, and what will Bella say to it?' 'Ah, what' she says, 'nonsensical things! Come, we'll dance.' And then we dance down to the chapel; and there stands the priest beckoning to us, and we dance on, past the priest; and she's a splendid child with beautiful eyes, and loves me dearly: and so we dance on and on, and I can keep it up very well till I wake, without being tired."

"Is your cousin Hatty still living?"

"Oh, no! she died long ago. A few weeks since a grandson of hers was here with me. But isn't it strange that my first youthful love — I was hardly ten years old — should have awakened in me? And she had an apple in her hand, and bit into it, and then said, 'Take a bite too;' but, when I wanted to take the apple, she wouldn't let me, and said, 'Don't bite too much.' And, when I awoke, the taste of the apple seemed still in my mouth. Now it just comes back to me that we were once painted together. The painter declared that it would please us very much some time or other. He did it secretly, and, of course, the picture was bought of him; I believe it is still in existence; but I don't know where. Don't you like her name of Hatty? She is a half-grown girl in a pink calico dress and white apron, and that's the way she was always dressed, and she had a broad Florence straw hat, whose brim drooped down upon her shoulders." So Clodwig went on, and said with a repressed sigh, "Bella has never cared to hear about my youth;" but then, as if not wishing to speak of her, he quickly added in a trembling voice, stretching out both hands, "Now attend, and I can tell you my story. I have had a very different life from that Herr Sonnenkamp. My father was Prime-Minister, and I was born in the ministerial residence, the son of a late marriage, an only son, like Herr Sonnenkamp; but my life was different. My father became representative of the Confederacy to the German Diet, and then I often lived here in summer on our estate. The



society of the representatives of the Confederacy, — who knows whether it is not passing away without any one's having pictured it truly, — I might have done it; even when I was still a student, it was plain to me that it was a society which exists only to stand in the way of every improvement. Come a little nearer and I will tell you what the German Diet is, — it is the evil conscience of the Princes. I thought so very early, and I was soon sure of it, and yet I stayed in the midst of it; and the farther I advanced, the more plainly I saw that it was true. All progress has built itself up apart from the Diet; and there is something like it in the Church. Progress is made without her, aside from her; she has not done away with capital punishment, nor torture, nor the confinement of prisoners in irons: none of these has she abolished. And now are coming the two great works of emancipation, — the emancipation of the slaves and of the serfs, and what is bringing them about? Humanity alone in its freedom of action. You see, this Herr Sonnenkamp lived in quite another world than mine, and yet my life, — Ah, wait a minute, wait, I cannot say more now."

After a while, Clodwig began again, —

"This Sonnenkamp is another proof to me, our civilization has the same defects as religion; it also gives no definite moral laws; it is not a complete, not the true civilization."

He sat up in bed, saying, —

"Come, I want to say my last word to you. Two things I see looming up in the future; the one is imperialism, which is trying to establish itself in America; and the other, yet more terrible, is called a war for religion. One party gathers around Rome; the other, around no man, no idea, but around freedom. Two great standards are raised, and around these standards gather two armies. Invisibly on the one banner is inscribed, 'We cannot!' on the other, 'We will!'"

"Hear yet more. A new faith, a new knowledge is to come, which will re-create the world. We wander continually in a grave-yard, our life is dead. Only a renewal through a great idea, through a new religion. Ah!" —

He broke off abruptly as Bella entered the room.

She expressed her satisfaction at Clodwig's animation, and Clodwig still preserved a courtly politeness towards his wife. She wanted to hand him some medicine, and he said, —

"Oh, yes! give it to me, but do not say  
LIVING AGE. VOL. XIV. 853

anything against Doctor Richard; please do not."

Bella sat quietly by the bed for a while; then Clodwig begged her to go to rest, and she complied. When he was again alone with Eric, he said, —

"In many painless hours by day and night, I have fancied to myself how the human race of to-day will gather in countless hosts, and press, shoulder to shoulder, up some lofty height, to plant the banner under which they assemble. What watch-word can they inscribe upon it which shall unite them one and all? Then I saw you; you were carrying the banner, and on it was your motto, your words which you have spoken, the only motto, Free labor! That is it. Happy are you that you have said it, and I that I have heard and seen."

A glorious light rested on Clodwig's countenance, and beamed from his eyes, as he gazed into the empty air; then he laid back his head, and closed his eyes, but he felt for Eric's hand, and clasped it tight. After a while he raised himself again, saying, —

"Go into the room that you had when you first came here; take Robert with you, and bring the bust of the Victoria here to me."

Eric went with the servant to the balcony chamber, and had the head of the Victoria taken down; that of the Medusa lay upon the floor in fragments. He asked Robert who had broken it, but Robert knew nothing about it. He hesitated to ask Bella or Clodwig about the matter, but he learned that Clodwig had not been in this room since his return.

When Eric had placed the bust opposite the sick man's bed, and arranged the lights properly, Clodwig said, —

"Yes, it looks like her, your mother knew her too."

He said nothing more. After he had gazed at the bust for a long time in silence, he asked Eric to call the Banker, and, when he came, he said to him with a child-like smile, —

"It belongs to you too. There's a story about a little child, very young, I can see him now, dressed only in a little shirt, sitting on a cushion on the table, and my mother is holding me, and telling me — I think I can feel the warm breath of her words, as it comes against my breast, she had laid her head on my breast, and she said, 'There was once a child who went into the woods to look for flowers, and he found beautiful red flowers, and picked them; and then he found beautiful blue flowers, and he threw the pretty red flowers away, and

gathered the blue ones; and then he found beautiful yellow ones, and threw away the beautiful blue flowers to gather those; and next he found beautiful white ones; and he threw the pretty yellow ones away, and picked the white; and then he came out of the wood, and there was a brook; and he threw the lovely white flowers into the brook, and had nothing left in his hands.' That is my story, and that is the other one. I understand it now. The nations all came upon the earth, and they held the revelations in their hands,—the red, the blue, the yellow, and the white flowers—and at last they stood with nothing but their empty hands. And then they said, 'It is well.' The empty hands speak, and say, 'Unforced labor shalt thou perform.' Isn't it true, Eric, that I understand what you said when you first came here? I see you now as you stood under the blossoming apple-tree, and your words came to me like my mother's warm breath on my little breast. And now may you sleep well. Good-night."

Eric sat by Clodwig's bed, with his hand clasped in his, till at last the grasp relaxed, and the sick man slept. Bella came again, and Pranken with her; he prayed with the Sister of Mercy for the dangerously sick man, doing it without shyness or display, with unembarrassed air.

Eric made a sign to Bella to be very quiet. She sat silent for a time, and then withdrew with Pranken.

Eric struggled with sleep and weariness. The morning dawned, and flooded the chamber with its ruddy light. Eric went to the Sister of Mercy, and told her that the long sleep of their patient made him uneasy: he had leaned over him, and could hear no breathing; but perhaps it was on account of his own exhaustion.

They went to Clodwig's bed-side, and bent over him—death had come to him in his sleep.

#### CHAPTER XV.

##### A GOOD CONCLUSION TO A BAD RESULT.

ERIC had Pranken called, and charged him with the duty of informing his sister; but Pranken insisted that they should let Bella sleep as long as she would, as she needed the strength. So the dawning day grew brighter and brighter, and the Sister of Mercy sat praying by the bedside of him who had fallen asleep.

Eric went down into the garden, where he met the Banker: he silently gave him his hand, and they walked on together with-

out speaking. Eric was called in to Bella, who was upon the sofa, weeping. The Sister of Mercy had broken the news to her when she woke. Bella had been with the corpse, and now was mourning loud and immoderately. Eric consoled her, requesting that she would excuse his absence for a few hours, as he must see how they all were at the Villa, and would return by evening.

He rode homewards.

At the foot of the mountain, Claus met him with his son, the Cooper; and the field-guard cried,—

"Good luck, Herr Captain! good luck for you; and you are good luck for us too. We've just bought the Carp Inn for Ferdinand. Could there be any thing better? I'm father of an inn."

Eric hushed him, but could not get in a word; for Claus exclaimed,—

"Do you know that now Sevenpiper's going to let his daughter marry Ferdinand? and it's all owing to you."

"Me?"

"Yes, indeed. If the rich Sonnenkamp can let his daughter marry a teacher, Sevenpiper can give his daughter to the Cooper. Isn't that so? O Herr Captain! you are a good luck for us all. And here, Herr Captain, here's my hand: I'll drink not a drop more after to-day, except when I'm thirsty: mayn't I quench my thirst? Thank heaven, I've got a very good thirst. But at the wedding I'll have a time of it; for nobody can go it like the Screamer. Come along with me, Herr Captain, put up your horse, we've a good stable, it's a first-rate inn."

Eric could not reconcile the contradiction: he comes from a death-bed into the very midst of jollity. He told Claus nothing of Clodwig's decease, and only begged to be allowed to ride on, and so left them.

He reached Villa Eden.

"Has Bella any female friend with her," the Professorin asked, as soon as she learned of Clodwig's death.

Eric said that she had not. It was painful to the Professorin that she could not render any assistance and consolation to Bella. Bella had triumphed in the fact, that, self-contained, she had been more feared than loved by women; and now, in her time of affliction, she had no one whose right and dutiful privilege it was to come to her, that she might lay her head, weighed down with sorrow and tears, upon a friendly bosom. But Aunt Claudine said to Eric,—

"When you drive to Wolfsgarten again, take me with you."

Manna begged Eric to rest; but Eric saw that there was no rest for him, for he received very soon a note from Bella by a messenger, in which were these words, written in great haste, —

"You must come immediately to bear witness for me. I am ruined and disgraced."

Eric drove to Wolfsgarten. Aunt Claudine accompanied him, and Professor Einsiedel had offered his services also; but the Mother and Manna urged him to remain with them. The Professor was a consolation and a quiet support for them at the Villa. Eric promised to return that night. What can have happened at Wolfsgarten in these few hours since Clodwig's death?

They came to Wolfsgarten. The servants stood around, and looked shyly at Eric; one of them saying, — Eric heard it very distinctly, —

"Who knows whether he has not helped do it?"

The Sister of Mercy came to meet Eric, and said to him hurriedly, —

"A horrible thing has happened. The layer-out of the corpse, in removing the clothes, found a wound upon the Count's neck, and has called the coroner: now it is said that Count Clodwig was strangled. You were present until the very last breath, you are involved in the most horrible suspicion. Inconceivable, incomprehensible! If the Doctor would only come! We have despatched messengers everywhere for him; but he is not to be found."

Bella had heard of Eric's arrival, and pulled incessantly at the bell: she desired that he would come to her. Eric requested Aunt Claudine to remain in the lower room, where the Banker was still sitting quietly, and went with the Sister of Mercy to Bella.

"Leave us alone together for a moment," begged Bella. "No, that would excite suspicion. Remain." — "Foh! suspicion!" shrieked Bella. "You men are all hypocrites. Let the world say what it will, leave us alone. Every thing is a lie, and he was a liar too."

Eric was alone with Bella who said, —

"I have received a punishment more horrible than the most cunning Devil could ever have contrived. Herr Dournay, it is said that I, Bella Franken, have strangled my husband, — I have sacrificed my life to be now suspected of this! Here I stand: whatever I have done, whatever I have thought, now is it a thousand-fold atoned for. And I curse it that I have been faithful. He wore the picture of another

woman on his heart until his heart ceased to beat."

"The Doctor is here," was suddenly called outside.

The Doctor and Franken entered; and the Doctor said, —

"I know the whole. This blockhead of a coroner! Every ignorant person knows that a wound on a corpse is a very different thing from one on a living body. There is only a trifling mark, a little abrasion of the skin on the Count's neck. Can't you tell me what made this?"

Bella now narrated that Robert had come to ask her whether they should leave the picture, which the Count wore on his heart, to be buried with him. She asked what sort of a picture it was, and was told that it was that of a lady. Hurrying there in her excitement, which she now lamented, she had snatched from the corpse the picture which was hung by a small cord about the neck.

"It was the miniature of his deceased wife: here it is," said she. She pointed to a gentle face, on a thin plate of gold.

The Doctor and Eric looked at the picture, and then at Bella. Eric thought to himself, "This was why he had the bust of the Victoria brought to his bedside. Wonderful likeness!"

The Doctor said that they must not make known publicly this passionate act of the Countess as the occasion of the coroner's mistake. He begged them to fall in with his explanation, that some of the caustic medicine which the invalid had taken had dropped down about the string, and caused this abrasion.

To his horror, Eric now recollected that Clodwig had exhorted him to take something from his bosom after he was dead. He told of this now; and the Doctor and Bella shook their heads.

The Doctor requested Bella, Eric, Franken, the Banker, and the Sister of Mercy to go with him into the chamber of death. He had all the servants called, and rebuked the coroner sharply, pointing out to him that only the outer skin had been reddened by a caustic medicine.

Eric cast one more look at the dead body of his friend. Even the statue of the Victoria, that stood opposite, seemed to look in sorrow upon it.

The gentlemen led Bella back into her chamber. Aunt Claudine entered. Bella extended her left hand to her, while with the right she held a handkerchief pressed to her face. The gentlemen went down to

receive the King's private physician, whose carriage was just driving into the court. Doctor Richard stated in few words the cause of Clodwig's death, which was the result of a cold, together with great mental excitement. They then all repaired to the room looking on the garden, whither Doctor Richard ordered wine to be brought, and insisted on Eric's drinking with them, as he would need to use every means to keep up his strength.

"Drink," he said, "you cannot do without it. Great demands are making upon you now, and the machine must be fed with wine."

Eric drank, but he drank a tear with the wine; for tears fell from his eyes into the glass. He left the room for a moment, and returned with a little box in which, he said, were Clodwig's orders, which his friend had commissioned him to return to the Prince. As his presence was necessary now at the Villa, he requested the court-physician to undertake the commission for him; to which he readily assented, adding, that in Clodwig a nobleman had been taken away, whose memory was a source of strength to them all: the moderation and perfect balance of his nature, his repose and gentleness, were characteristics which belonged to a generation that was passing away.

Doctor Richard, who was sitting in an arm-chair, with his legs crossed one over the other, exclaimed,—

"All that is true: the expression, 'He was too noble for this world,' might be used with truth of him. He had the advantage, or the disadvantage, of viewing every individual thing in its connection with humanity; and, as to the thing itself, it was a matter of perfect indifference to him, whether it was done to-day or to-morrow, by you or anybody else. He might have accomplished great things, have exerted a wide-spread influence; but the task seemed to him too hard, and he excused himself from it. Every event, every experience, was made subservient to the development of his beautiful character. Good, beautiful, lofty, but a childless, barren existence is that, whose mother is a philosophy which accepts all things, comprehends all things, only to reduce them afterwards to a system. I have often reproached him with that while he lived; and I venture to do the same now that he is dead."

"He repeated to me once an expression of yours, Captain Dournay," said the Banker. "You once said to him, 'Man has to do railway duty on the earth;' and the words made a great impression on him.

So it is, we all have to act more or less as guards on the swiftly-rolling train of our generation; but it is not every one who is fitted for the post."

There was much that Eric wanted to say, and he might have explained many points; for what had Clodwig not discussed with him? But he had no chance to speak; for the doctor cried,—

"I do not believe that I am inclined to find fault with this man. 'Of all in the wide world who will hear of his death, and mourn for him, not one respected him more than I.'"

Some reference was made to the horrible suspicion which had fallen upon Bella; but the Doctor repeated emphatically that this was a monstrous mistake, and heartily regretted that nothing could be done to efface all remembrance of it; for men would always hold fast to such a calumny, at least, they would not wholly forget it.

Pranken entered with a clergyman of the neighborhood, who finally consented, after much persuasion on the part of Pranken and the royal physician, to pronounce a benediction over the body.

The Doctor presently drove off with the Court-physician: and, soon afterward, Eric also departed, with the Banker and Aunt Claudine; for Bella had requested to be left alone.

They looked back sorrowfully at the mansion, from whose summit a black flag was now waving.

For two days, Clodwig's body lay upon satin cushions in the great drawing-room, exposed to the public gaze. His countenance was peaceful. He was surrounded by palms and flowers, and candles burned at the side of the coffin.

People from the whole country round flocked to take a last look at Clodwig; some from respect, and some from curiosity. Bella could hear them say as they left the house, "He shows no signs of having been strangled."

On the third day, Eric, the Justice, the Banker, the Major, the chief men of the city, besides an ambassador from the King, and several high officers of state, followed Clodwig's body to the tomb of the Wolfsgartens.

The bells rang from mountain and valley: it was the funeral of the last of the Wolfsgartens.

Sonnenkamp had meant to make one of the funeral-procession: he had actually started for Wolfsgarten; but he was not to be seen among the mourners.

The Major said to Eric that Sonnen-

kamp was right not to be present: he would have attracted too much attention; and have destroyed the solemnity of the occasion.

Sonnenkamp spent the whole day in the village inn near by. He knew that, wherever he showed himself, he would excite curiosity and horror, and hid himself as well as he could, behind a large newspaper, which he pretended to be reading. He could hear the talk of the men in the public room without; and the chief speaker among them was a Jew, a cattle-dealer, who said, —

“That Herr Sonnenkamp never gave us a chance to earn anything. Very fine of him, wonderfully fine! What ill report has not been circulated of us Jews! But we never trafficked in slaves!”

The conversation, however, soon took a different turn; and they spoke of the report of the Countess having murdered her husband, which was true, they said, for all the doctor's maintaining that the red mark about the dead man's throat was caused by a little cord on which he always wore the picture of his first wife.

A sudden light flashed into Sonnenkamp's face at hearing this charge against Bella thus insisted upon. If any thing could drive her to a decision, it was this. Bella's indignation at the suspicion must be favorable to his plans. “The chief thing,” he said to himself, “will be to get her to discuss the matter: the moment she does that, she is won.”

Finally, Lootz returned, whom Sonnenkamp had sent to gain intelligence of every thing that was going on.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### AWAY UNDER FIERY RAIN!

A DAMP, autumnal fog penetrated Clodwig's sick-room through the open windows, and lay in drops on the brow of the statue of Victory.

Still and desolate it was at Wolfsgarten: even Franken had gone.

Bella sat in her room enveloped in her mourning weeds. She had black bracelets on her wrists, and had just been trying on her black gloves. She drew them off now, laid her hands together, and gazed with that terrible Medusa look into vacancy, into the future, into the great blank. “You are alone,” said a voice within her; “you were always alone in yourself, in the world,

— a solitary nature; lonely as wife, always alone.”

Once more her cheeks flamed with sudden rage to think that any one, the veriest fool, could for an instant imagine that she had murdered her husband. Was it for this that she had so long crushed every impulse of her heart? Would the world after all not believe in her happiness? She went in imagination from house to house of the capital, and heard her name on all tongues.

The ticking of the clock reminded her of what Clodwig had once said, “The pendulum of our life vibrates between recollections of the past, and desires for the future.” — “That was true of him, but not of me: I do not stand between recollection and desire: I want the present. I crave life, ardent life.”

She rose, and was vexed that she could not resist going to her mirror; but once there she staid, and was still more vexed to see that her figure was not as slender as it used to be; and yet black makes one look slender. She seemed to have lost all her charms! Her thoughts went further: since he had to die before you, why could he not have died years ago, while you were still beautiful? She shuddered at the thought, but the next moment commended her own sincerity. Further spoke the voice within her, and, proudly raising her head, she said almost aloud to herself, —

“I care nothing for conventionality. What I may think a year hence, I will think now, to-day. What to me is the world's division of time? Thoughts that others would have a year hence, I permit myself to-day. Yes; you are a widow, who will be visited only from compassion, — a widow, with none to stand by her. And then this degrading suspicion! I can go to the capital; I can take a house. Oh, what a god-like destiny! I am myself a house, and shall be made lady president of a soup establishment, and shall have a select dozen of orphans in blue aprons come to my funeral. I have had enough of that sort of thing already. No! I cannot live alone. Shall I travel again, seek forgetfulness and fancied pleasure in landscapes, crowds, works of art, and then talk, laugh, play in society? I have proved it all vanity, emptiness. Prince Valerian could be won. But could I play the hypocrite again in a strange world, and charitably rejoice that the Russian peasants are, figuratively, to have their hair curled? The Wine-cavalier would be very complaisant, always making his bows, and paying his devotions: it is only manner to be seen,



but then the manner is good, agreeable, and — false, the whole of it!

"No, no! I must away into conflict, into war, danger, distress; but life, mighty, all-absorbing life, I must have. I scorn the whole world; I hurl back in its face its honors, its caprices of philanthropy."

A horseman gallops into the court-yard, a tall figure in black. Is it not Sonnenkamp? What can he want?

Sonnenkamp was announced.

"He is welcome," was her answer.

Sonnenkamp entered.

"Countess," he said, "I bring back to you what once I received from you, — the courage of a hero."

"Ah, courage! I am in humiliation; deserted, broken, weak."

"You humiliated deserted, weak? You kindled in me a strength great enough to defy the world: I am young again, fresh again. Countess, in this bitter and critical hour I come to you, only to you. You alone are now the world to me; you alone make the world of value to me; I would gladly give you something, be to you something, that shall make the world seem precious to you again."

Bella stood motionless, and he continued: "Raise yourself above this hour, above this year, above this country, above all conventionalities. If it be possible for any human being to do this, you are that one."

"Bella, I might tell you that I would escape into the wide world; would sacrifice, destroy every thing ruthlessly; put from me wife, children, all, only on condition that you would follow me, that you would dare to turn your back upon every thing, and be a free, independent nature: I might tell you that, and it would be true. But it is not that which should decide you. It is not for me you should live, but for yourself. Bella, we read in old histories of men and women who bound themselves together by a crime: such unions seldom last. I see your soul open before me — no, I have it within me, and speak from it. You say as I do, 'Here I am in conflict with the world. The world requires concern for others, and I have the spirit of egoism; I am no philanthropist, I am no charitable institution.' You desire, as I do, to assert self; I desire a thing for you, only because I desire it for myself. Others would decoy you, persuade you with honeyed phrases; I honor you too highly: you have courage to be yourself."

"I do not understand you. What do you mean? What do you desire for yourself; what do you desire for me?"

"For myself, what have I left to desire?

A bullet through my head. But there is one thing which can save me."

"What is that?"

"It is yourself. To show you what greatness is, to see you great — for that I would still gladly live and fight. If there is such a thing as admiration, as bowing before what is noble, before a world-subduing genius, I —"

He made a motion, a step forward. Bella regained composure, and said quietly, —

"Be seated."

A singular expression passed over his face at the words; but he seated himself, and continued, —

"Countess, I know not what plans you may have — yet no: I think I do know your present plans. Do not interrupt me; let me speak. If I have been mistaken in you, then is my whole life, then are all my thoughts, my efforts, my conflicts, nothing but madness, and the pathetic declaimers of lofty phrases are in the right. Countess Bella, you once said a noble thing to me: 'A resolute nature knows no family, must have no family.' That is my guiding star. I have no longer a family. I am nothing in the world but myself; and you — you should be nothing but yourself. You have never been yourself till now; but now you ought, you can, you must be."

"I will. You are a wonderful man; you clear away all the rubbish that clogs my being. Speak further; what do you bring?"

"I bring nothing but myself, Countess; I have put away from me all the ties of this world; I say this to you, to none but you. This very day I depart for the New World. Yes, there is a new world yonder!"

Sonnenkamp suddenly rose, and seized her hand.

"Countess, you are a great woman: yours is a nature born to rule. Come with me, you have the courage for it. There is a throne to be established in the New World; and upon this throne will I set you as queen. Come!"

There was a tone of authority, of command, in Sonnenkamp's voice, as he grasped her by the hand. She rose; her lips trembled, her eyes sparkled.

"I thank you," she said. "You are great, and you fancy greatness in me. That is it. I thank you. O my friend, we are weak, pitiful creatures. Too late, too late! Why does such a call come too late? Ten years ago, I should have had the strength for it; then it would have tempted me; I would have risked every thing then, and taken the chance of shame

and death; any thing had been better than this maimed, idle, good-for-nothing, musty, relic-hunting, sickly, sanctimonious — no, I did not mean to say that — and yet — I thank you. You pay me a higher honor than was ever paid me before: you recognize what I might have been; but I cannot be it now. Too late!"

"Too late!" cried Sonnenkamp, seizing both her hands. "Bella, you say, that, if I had come in your youth, you would have gone with me into the wide world. Bella, Countess, we are young so long as we will to be. You are young, and I will be young. When you came to me that time in the spring, I gave you a rose, a centifolium, and said to you, you are not like this flower. And you are not like it; for your bloom is ever fresh; your will, your strength, blossoms. Be courageous; be yourself; be your own. What are seventy maimed, idle years? One year full of life is more than they all."

Bella sank back in her chair, and covered her face with her handkerchief.

"Why did you appeal to the Court," she said at length, "if you meant to leave before sentence was pronounced?"

"Why? I thank you for the question. I am free: henceforth I can speak the honest truth, and to you above all others. For a while, I really believed that this would offer me a way of escape. But I soon abandoned that idea, and now" —

He paused.

"And now?" repeated Bella.

"I wanted to show these puppets, these children who are always giving themselves up to leading-strings which they call religion or morality or politics, — I wanted to show them what a free human being was, an undisguised egoist. That tempted me. When the time came for putting my plan into execution, it was only for your sake that I carried out what I had proposed; for you only I laid bare my whole life. I was resolved you should know who I am. I hardly spoke to the men who were before me; I spoke to you; behind myself, above myself, I spoke to you, Bella."

"Were you then already decided not to wait for the sentence?"

Sonnenkamp nodded with a smile of triumph. There was a long pause. He held her hand firmly. At last she asked hesitatingly, —

"Would not my flight confirm the injurious suspicion, the suspicion that Clodwig was" —

"Fie!" interrupted Sonnenkamp; "as if

it would not have been easier to desert a living husband than to murder him first!"

Bella shuddered at the words, and Sonnenkamp exclaimed, —

"O Bella! noble soul, alone great among women, cast away all these European casuistries; with a single step put this whole, old-maidish Europe behind you!"

A still longer pause followed: there was no sound but the screaming of the parrot.

"When do you start?" asked Bella.

"To-night, by the railway."

"No, by boat. Is no boat going?"

"Certainly; one this very night."

"I will go with you. But leave me now, leave me. Here is my hand, I go with you."

She sat motionless, her hands folded, her eyes closed. Sonnenkamp took her hand firmly in his, touched her wedding-ring, and drew it gently from her finger.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Bella in sudden passion. Her eyes were fixed on Sonnenkamp; she saw the ring in his hand.

"Let me keep it as a pledge," he urged.

"What do you mean? We are not people to make a scene. Give it to me."

He gave back the ring; but she did not return it to her finger.

That night, a steamer stopped at the little town; there was a storm of wind and rain, and the engine screeched and hissed. On the wharf stood a man wrapped in his cloak, and presently a tall veiled figure passed him.

"Leave me to myself!" the woman said as she hurried by.

A plank was laid across from the steamer: the woman crossed it, followed by the man.

The plank was drawn up, the boat turned, and steamed away into the darkness and the storm. No one was on deck except those two figures: the sailors made haste into the cabin. The pilot, wrapped in his suit of India-rubber, whistled softly to himself as he turned the wheel.

The tall figure of the woman, muffled in black, stood upon the deck of the steamer as it shot down the stream. Long she stood, abstractedly gazing at the water and the towns and villages on the shore, with here and there a light flashing from the window-panes, and casting a swiftly-vanishing gleam upon the river. A fiery shower, a stream of bright sparks from the chimney, swept over the figure. A hand appeared from under the folds of the cloak; it held a ring between its fingers for a while, then dropped it into the stream below.

From The Saturday Review, 5 June.  
MR. MOTLEY.

IF it is true that the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce and the Liverpool American Chamber of Commerce complied with established usage in presenting addresses to the American Minister, neither body can be severely blamed for continuing a courteous and harmless custom. Both the addresses were conventional, and therefore unobjectionable, in their language, with the exception of a reference to commercial policy which was perhaps indiscreet, and certainly unsuited to the occasion. It is not the business of an Envoy to criticize or approve, in his intercourse with foreigners, the domestic legislation of his own country; and it would have been well not to afford Mr. Motley an opportunity for rebuking an intrusive suggestion. The Liverpool Chamber of Commerce ought to have known that the dominant Protectionists of America derive their most popular argument from the fact that Free-trade would incidentally benefit England. The warmest advocates of the present tariff, represented by Mr. Greeley, have for an entire generation been the bitterest enemies of England. The amiable writers in the *Tribune* constantly assert that the Free-trade League is subsidized with that English gold which has, since the days of Robespierre, been so profusely created by Jacobin mendacity. The language used in the Liverpool address will be eagerly quoted as an admission that political economy is exclusively advantageous to England. Mr. Motley, on a previous day, was unable to accept a seat in the carriage of the Mayor of Liverpool on the singular ground that he had not yet presented his credentials to the Queen; or, according to another version, because he was unwilling to compromise himself by accepting municipal favours. It is fortunate that the same scruple did not restrain him from answering the Chamber of Commerce in terms of the strictest diplomatic propriety. It may be hoped that the ceremony, which perhaps could not without slight have been omitted at Liverpool, will not be unnecessarily repeated in other towns which Mr. Motley may have occasion to visit. Experience has shown that the expression of anxiety for the equitable adjustment of disputes has been systematically misinterpreted in the United States. The otherwise unaccountable violence which culminated in Mr. Sumner's disgraceful speech was the immediate consequence of the speeches and addresses made in honour of Mr. Reverdy Johnson. English feelings of good will, however sincere, were in America unanimously attrib-

uted to cowardice; and consequently not a dissentient voice was raised when Mr. Sumner demanded an act of national humiliation, together with the payment of a tribute of incredible amount. Mr. Motley is not likely to imitate the error of Mr. Reverdy Johnson in encouraging a degrading and dangerous mistake; and even if he were disposed to be as effusive as his predecessor, the Senate has taken care to show how far an American Minister may be from representing his Government. On more than one occasion during the singular negotiation recorded in the published Correspondence, Mr. Johnson assured Lord Stanley or Lord Clarendon that one more concession would ensure the approval of the Senate. If at any time it seems expedient to pay Mr. Motley any public civilities, his literary reputation provides a suitable topic for complimentary phrases; and the Liverpool Chambers showed sound judgment in devoting a part of their addresses to a subject in which the utmost ingenuity could not discover a pretext for resentment.

If the Senate had not rendered the whole negotiation abortive, it would be difficult to read the diplomatic Correspondence with patience. From first to last Mr. Seward dictated the course of proceeding, while the English Ministers invariably complied with his successive and increasing demands. The arguments on either side are not contained in the despatches; and perhaps it may have been thought that, in the prospect of a reference to arbitration, it was useless to prosecute the controversy. The merits of the question will be publicly discussed, almost for the first time, in the debate which is impending in the House of Commons; and probably attention will be called to the inconsistency of the American Government in its respective dealings with France and with England. In November, 1862, the Emperor of the French, in a formal communication to the English Government, proposed that the Maritime Powers, which, as he truly said, had maintained the strictest neutrality, should, by the tender of their good offices, "assist the two belligerent parties in an endeavour to escape from a position which has no issue." Lord Russell, in the name of the English Government, declined the proposal, on the ground that the offer would probably be rejected by the Federal Government. Although suggestions which would have been still more obnoxious to the North were only preferred in conversation, it must have been well known to Mr. Seward, and to Mr. Sumner as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, that France would at any moment have

gladly recognized the independence of the Confederacy but for the steady resistance of England. Yet the American Government has never varied its expressions of friendship to France, or the exacting tone of its negotiations with England. The text of Mr. Reverdy Johnson's Convention was published, in defiance of American usage, even before it was submitted to the Senate; and consequently the Massachusetts Assembly had an opportunity of passing an inflammatory Resolution against the conclusion of a Treaty.

The new Minister will apparently enjoy ample leisure, as it is understood that he is not instructed to resume negotiation. The English Government is fortunately relieved, by the contumelious rejection of Mr. Seward's Treaty, from the obligation of proposing any alternative settlement. The Naturalization Treaty, containing the large concessions which had been not unreasonably desired by the American Government, has been approved by the Senate; but the San Juan Treaty has not been taken into consideration. As all disputed questions were arranged by Lord Stanley or by Lord Clarendon with the Minister for the time being, there is nothing for Mr. Motley to discuss. Even at Washington no progress can be made in the San Juan Treaty during the recess; and although the continuance of the provisional joint occupation of the disputed territory is inconvenient, there is little reason, while the Senate is in its present temper, to regret a further adjournment. Diplomatic communications are highly useful in removing accidental causes of difference between two communities which desire to maintain amicable relations. When one or both of the principals prefer a grievance to satisfaction or compromise, discussion only tends to create and prolong irritation. It is proper that an English Minister should reside at Washington, and an American Minister in London, because a suspension of official intercourse would be unusual, and probably significant of hostility; but the use of either Legation is principally negative. The unbounded publicity which prevails in both countries leaves an Ambassador nothing to discover for the information of his Government which may not be found in the newspapers. Mr. Motley will hardly trouble himself or the Secretary of State by writing despatches to announce the friendly feelings of Mr. Gladstone, Lord Clarendon, and the country at large to the people and Government of the United States; nor will a sensible and well-bred diplomatist annoy the Foreign Secretary with superfluous proofs

that Mr. Reverdy Johnson wholly misrepresented the sentiments of his countrymen. Immediately after the rejection of the Treaty it seemed probable that, in accordance with the suggestions of several American journals, some offensive proposals might be made for the surrender of English territory, especially as Lord Stanley had expressed no indignation at a suggestion of the kind offered by Mr. Reverdy Johnson; but it almost seems as if an impossible demand had been preferred only for the purpose of expressing general ill-will, without any more practical object. The Washington Correspondent of a New York paper, with dramatic fitness, if not with historical accuracy, states that Mr. Sumner is greatly amused with the indignation which he has provoked in England. In Europe, State papers and official speeches on international questions are not habitually composed in joke. It is a strange excuse for a declaration all but unanimously adopted by the Senate, that the Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations is well known to be a mere rhetorician. If peace is ultimately maintained, there will be no advantage in discussing the method by which it has been secured; but there is always a danger that some unforeseen incident may lead to a rupture. If such a risk should practically occur, Mr. Motley will have an opportunity of displaying the judgment and ability which he may fairly be supposed to possess. During his mission to Vienna, although he can have had no serious business to transact, he had the opportunity of becoming practically acquainted with the forms and traditions of diplomacy. As the Americans have never allowed their representatives in foreign countries to form a distinct profession, Ministers who happen to have acquired diplomatic experience possess a great advantage over mere politicians. His long and familiar acquaintance with English society ought to provide him with additional facilities for the effective discharge of his functions.

An American Minister may at the present moment devote himself to the discharge of his special duties with the complacent feeling that he represents as an ornamental Envoy, if not as a real Plenipotentiary, the most prosperous of communities. The internal animosities which survived the war have actually or apparently subsided since Congress became tired of the process of reconstruction. There is much probability that the formal restoration of Virginia to the Union will be completed, in consequence of the judicious policy adopted by the President. In conformity, as it is sup-

posed, with the advice of General Lee, General Grant has provisionally authorized a separate vote on two obnoxious articles inserted in the proposed Constitution for the avowed purpose of disfranchising the best citizens of the State. Notwithstanding the exertions of Radical agitators, it is believed that the disfranchising clauses will be rejected, at the same time that the Constitution is adopted by the necessary majority. Although the ultimate decision rests with Congress, it is probable that, if General Grant's suggestion is adopted by the Conservative party in Virginia, public opinion will require the admission of the State to the full exercise of its federal rights. Since the death of Mr. Thaddeus Stevens, and the disappearance of Mr. Johnson from political life, the angry passions which influenced the conduct of the Republican party have in great measure been forgotten. For the present the Southern Senators and Representatives will justify the expectations of the authors of negro suffrage by supporting the policy of their patrons. There can be little doubt that, sooner or later, the white population will recover their natural supremacy; but parties will in the meantime arrange themselves with reference to new issues, and the census of next year will readjust the balance of representation by adding enormously to the power of the Western States. If the Free-trade contro-

versy acquires the importance which the subject deserves, the South and West will find it their interest to combine against the selfish legislation of the manufacturing States. It is only because the vast territory of the United States forms a little world in itself that the anomalous taxes imposed on the masses of consumers by petty combinations producers have been patiently endured. No perversity can seriously check the material progress which almost exceeds the boasts of grandiloquent patriots. In ten years the debt or its residue, if it is not swelled by the demands of some unnecessary war, will have become a comparatively insignificant burden, by the distribution of the charge over a larger and wealthier body of debtors. Within the same time it is not impossible that San Francisco may rival New York in trade and prosperity, while New Orleans will grow in proportion to the population of the great basin of the Mississippi. The touchy and exacting diplomacy which has so often threatened the maintenance of peace seems unworthy of a Republic which will in a few years be the most powerful nation in the world. The risk of disruption which might otherwise have been imminent has been indefinitely postponed by the injudicious and premature attempt of the Southern States to secede.

**ANÆSTHESIA.**—We find the following curious remarks by Dr. Lacassagne on the effects of chloroform on the intellect, in the *Journal des Connaissances Médicales*. They may be reduced to four:—1. A complete preservation of the intellectual faculties. This case is impossible when the anæsthetic has been properly administered. Attention, however, plays a great part in neutralizing the action of the drug, especially when it is not active enough to manifest its action quickly on the brain. 2. The intellect preserved but subsequently modified. The patient at first resists, then his attention gradually weakens, and from that moment the cerebral faculties disappear one by one. Thus, association of ideas, comparison, judgment, are withdrawn by degrees; memory remains the last, it being the most instinctive of our faculties. The first sleep is often accompanied by dreams, which are very frequent with ether, but rare with chloroform. They are of the same nature as those which occur in common sleep. Their nature naturally depends on the patient's avocations, habits, feelings, or passions. The last impres-

sions received at the moment of the annihilation of consciousness influence the dream; it continues on the patient's waking up. The idea of time, of duration, has completely disappeared, so that the sick person cannot recollect that he either has been chloroformed, or even operated on. 3. The third state is that of the intellect perverted, and then annihilated. This occurs when the anæsthetic operates quickly; in this case the patient is talkative, and even turbulent. 4. The last is the case of complete annihilation. In this case the action of the anæsthetic is immediate, like lightning. This often happens to children and to those who absorb quickly. Sleeping persons may be chloroformed, and the transition from one state to another may be brought about so gradually as not to be remarked. On waking the patient recollects nothing of what has happened, and his faculties return in the contrary order to which they had disappeared. Sometimes patients may experience a return of the intellectual powers, while their sensitiveness is still complete.



From Saint Paul's.  
THE SECRET OF THE NORTH POLE.

If an astronomer upon some distant planet has ever thought the tiny orb we inhabit worthy of telescopic study, there can be little doubt that the snowy regions which surround the arctic and antarctic poles must have attracted a large share of his attention. Waxing and waning with the passing seasons, those two white patches afford significant intelligence respecting the circumstances of our planet's constitution. They mark the direction of the imaginary axial line upon which the planet rotates; so that we can imagine how an astronomer on Mars or Venus would judge from their position how it fares with terrestrial creatures. There may, indeed, be Martial Whewells who laugh to scorn the notion that a globe so inconveniently circumstanced as ours can be inhabited, and are ready to show that if there were living beings here they must be quickly destroyed by excessive heat. On the other hand, there are doubtless sceptics on Venus also who smile at the vanity of those who can conceive a frozen world, such as this outer planet must be, to be inhabited by any sort of living creature. But we doubt not that the more advanced thinkers both in Mars and Venus are ready to admit that, though we must necessarily be far inferior beings to themselves, we yet manage to "live and move and have our being" on this ill-conditioned globe of ours. And these, observing the earth's polar snow-caps, must be led to several important conclusions respecting physical relations here.

It is, indeed, rather a singular fact to contemplate that ex-terrestrial observers, such as these, may know much more than we ourselves do respecting those mysterious regions which lie close around the two poles. Their eyes may have rested on spots which all our endeavours have failed in enabling us to reach. Whether, as some have thought, the arctic pole is in summer surrounded by a wide and tide-swayed ocean; whether there lies around the antarctic pole a wide continent, bespread with volcanic mountains larger and more energetic than the two burning cones which Ross found on the outskirts of this desolate region; or whether the habitudes prevailing near either pole are wholly different from those suggested by geographers and voyagers,—such questions as these might possibly be resolved at once, could our astronomers take their stand on some neighbouring planet, and direct the searching power of their telescopes upon this

terrestrial orb. For this is one of those referred to by Humboldt, when he said that there are circumstances under which man is able to learn more respecting objects millions of miles away from him than respecting the very globe which he inhabits.

If we take a terrestrial globe, and examine the actual region near the North Pole which has as yet remained unvisited by man, it will be found to be far smaller than most people are in the habit of imagining. In nearly all maps the requirements of charting result in a considerable exaggeration of the polar regions. This is the case in the ordinary "maps of the two hemispheres" which are to be found in all atlases. And it is, of course, the case to a much more remarkable extent in what is termed Mercator's projection. In a Mercator's chart we see Greenland, for example, exaggerated into a continent fully as large as South America, or to seven or eight times its real dimensions.

There are three principal directions in which explorers have attempted to approach the North Pole. The first is that by way of the sea which lies between Greenland and Spitzbergen. We include under this head Sir Edward Parry's attempt to reach the pole by crossing the ice-fields which lie to the north of Spitzbergen. The second is that by way of the straits which lie to the west of Greenland. The third is that pursued by Russian explorers who have attempted to cross the frozen seas which surround the northern shores of Siberia.

In considering the limits of the unknown north-polar regions, we shall also have to take into account the voyages which have been made around the northern shores of the American continent in the search for a "north-western passage." The explorers who set out upon this search found themselves gradually forced to seek higher and higher latitudes if they would find a way round the complicated barriers presented by the ice-bound straits and islands which lie to the north of the American continent. And it may be noticed in passing, as a remarkable and unforeseen circumstance, that the farther north the voyagers went the less severe was the cold they had to encounter. We shall see that this circumstance has an important bearing on the considerations we shall presently have to deal with.

One other circumstance respecting the search for the north-west passage, though not connected very closely with our subject, is so singular and so little known that we

feel tempted to make mention of it at this point. The notion with which the seekers after a north-west passage set out was simply this, that the easiest way of reaching China and the East Indies was to pursue a course resembling as nearly as possible that on which Columbus had set out, — if only it should appear that no impassable barriers rendered such a course impracticable. They quickly found that the American continents present an unbroken line of land from high northern latitudes far away towards the antarctic seas. But it is a circumstance worth noticing, that if the American continents had no existence, the direct westerly course pursued by Columbus was not only not the nearest way to the East Indian Archipelago, but was one of the longest routes which could have possibly been selected. Surprising as it may seem at first sight, a voyager from Spain for China and the East Indies ought, if he sought the absolutely shortest path, to set out on an almost direct northerly route! He would pass close by Ireland and Iceland, and so, near the North Pole, and onwards into the Pacific. This is what is called the great-circle route, and if it were only a practicable one, would shorten the course to China by many hundreds of miles.

Let us return, however, to the consideration of the information which arctic voyagers have brought us concerning the north polar regions.

The most laborious researches in arctic seas are those which have been carried out by the searchers after a north-west passage. We will therefore first consider the limits of the unknown region in this direction. Afterwards we can examine the results of those voyages which have been undertaken with the express purpose of reaching the North Pole along the three principal routes already mentioned.

If we examine a map of North America constructed in recent times, we shall find that between Greenland and Canada an immense extent of coast-line has been charted. A vast archipelago covers this part of the northern world. Or if the strangely-complicated coast-lines which have been laid down really belong to but a small number of islands, the figures of these must be of the most fantastic kind. Towards the north-west, however, we find several islands whose outlines have been entirely ascertained. Thus we have in succession North Devon Island, Cornwallis Island, Melville Island, and Port Patrick Island, all lying north of the seventy-fifth parallel of latitude. But we are not to

suppose that these islands limit the extent of our seamen's researches in this direction. Far to the northward of Wellington Channel, Captain de Haven saw, in 1852, the signs of an open sea, — in other words, he saw, beyond the ice-fields, what arctic seamen call a "water-sky." In 1855 Captain Penny sailed upon this open sea; but how far it extends towards the North Pole has not yet been ascertained.

It must not be forgotten that the north-west passage has been shown to be a reality, by means of voyages from the Pacific as well as from the Atlantic. No arctic voyager has yet succeeded in passing from one ocean to the other. Nor is it likely now that any voyager will pursue his way along a path so beset by dangers as that which is called the north-west passage. Long before the problem had been solved, it had become well known that no profit could be expected to accrue to trade from the discovery of a passage along the perilous straits and the ice-encumbered seas which lie to the north of the American continent. But Sir Edward Parry having traced out a passage as far as Melville Island, it seemed to the bold spirit of our arctic explorers that it might be possible by sailing through Behring's Straits, to trace out a connection between the arctic seas on that side and the regions reached by Parry. Accordingly McClure, in 1850, sailed in the "Investigator," and passing eastward, after traversing Behring's Straits, reached Baring's Land, and eventually identified this land as a portion of Bank's Land, seen by Parry to the southward of Melville Island.

It will thus be seen that the unexplored parts of the arctic regions are limited in this direction by sufficiently high latitudes.

Turn we next to the explorations which Russian voyagers have made to the northward of Siberia. It must be noticed, in the first place, that the coast of Siberia runs much farther northward than that of the American continent. So that on this side, independently of sea explorations, the unknown arctic regions are limited within very high latitudes. But attempts have been made to push much farther north from these shores. In every case, however, the voyagers have found that the ice-fields, over which they hoped to make their way, have become gradually less and less firm, until at length no doubt could remain that there lay an open sea beyond them. How far that sea may extend is a part of the secret of the North Pole; but we may assume that it is no narrow sea, since otherwise there can be little doubt that the ice-fields

which surround the shores of northern Siberia would extend unbroken to the farther shores of what we should thus have to recognize as a strait. The thinning-off of these ice-fields, observed by Baron Wrangel and his companions, affords, indeed, most remarkable and significant testimony respecting the nature of the sea which lies beyond. This we shall presently have to exhibit more at length; in the meantime we need only remark that scarcely any doubt can exist that the sea thus discovered extends northward to at least the eightieth parallel of latitude.

We may say, then, that from Wellington Channel northward of the American continent, right round towards the west, up to the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen, very little doubt exists as to the general characteristics of arctic regions, save only as respects those unexplored parts which lie within ten or twelve degrees of the North Pole. The reader will see presently why we are so careful to exhibit the limited extent of the unexplored arctic regions in this direction. The guess we shall form as to the true nature of the north-polar secret will depend almost entirely on this consideration.

We turn now to those two paths along which arctic exploration, properly so termed, has been most successfully pursued.

It is chiefly to the expeditions of Drs. Kane and Hayes that we owe the important knowledge we have respecting the northerly portions of the straits which lie to the west of Greenland. Each of these explorers succeeded in reaching the shores of an open sea lying to the north-east of Kennedy Channel, the extreme northerly limit of those straits. Hayes, who had accompanied Kane in the voyage of 1854-5, succeeded in reaching a somewhat higher latitude in sledges drawn by Esquimaux dogs. But both expeditions agree in showing that the shores of Greenland trend off suddenly towards the east at a point within some nine degrees of the North Pole. On the other hand, the prolongation of the opposite shore of Kennedy Channel was found to extend northwards as far as the eye could reach. Within the angle thus formed there was an open sea "rolling," says Captain Maury, "with the swell of a boundless ocean."

But a circumstance was noticed respecting this sea which was very significant. The tides ebbed and flowed in it. Only one fact we know of, — a fact to be presently discussed, — throws so much light on the question we are considering as this circumstance does. Let us consider a little whence these tidal waves can have come.

The narrow straits between Greenland on the one side, and Ellesmere Land and Grinnell Land on the other, are completely ice-bound. We cannot suppose that the tidal wave could have found its way beneath such a barrier as this. "I apprehend," says Captain Maury, "that the tidal wave from the Atlantic can no more pass under this icy barrier to be propagated in the seas beyond than the vibrations of a musical string can pass with its notes a fret on which the musician has placed his finger."

Are we to suppose then, that the tidal waves were formed in the very sea in which they were seen by Kane and Hayes? This is Captain Maury's opinion: — "These tides," says he, "must have been born in that cold sea, having their cradle about the North Pole." But no one who has studied the theory of the tides can accept this opinion for a moment. Every consideration on which that theory is founded is opposed to the assumption that the moon could by any possibility raise tides in an arctic basin of limited extent.

It would be out of place to examine at length the principle on which the formation of tides depends. It will be sufficient for our purposes to remark that it is not to the mere strength of the moon's "pull" upon the waters of any ocean that the tidal wave owes its origin, but to the difference of the forces by which the various parts of that ocean are attracted. The whole of an ocean cannot be raised at once by the moon, but if one part is attracted more than another a wave is formed. That this may happen the ocean must be one of wide extent. In the vast seas which surround the Southern Pole there is room for an immensely powerful "drag," so to speak; for always there will be one part of these seas much nearer to the moon than the rest, and so there will be an appreciable difference of pull upon that part.

The reader will now see why we have been so careful to ascertain the limits of the supposed north-polar ocean, in which, according to Captain Maury, tidal waves are generated. To accord with his views this ocean must be surrounded on all sides by impassable barriers either of land or ice. These barriers, then, must lie to the northward of the regions yet explored, for there is open sea communicating with the Pacific all round the north of Asia and America. It only requires a moment's inspection of a terrestrial globe to see how small a space is thus left for Captain Maury's land-locked ocean. We have purposely left out of consideration, as yet, the advances made by arctic voyagers in the

direction of the sea which lies between Greenland and Spitzbergen. We shall presently see that on this side the imaginary land-locked ocean must be more limited than towards the shores of Asia or America. As it is, however, it remains clear that if there were any ocean communicating with the spot reached by Dr. Kane, but separated from all communication, — by open water, — either with the Atlantic or with the Pacific, that ocean would be so limited in extent that the moon's attraction could exert no more effective influence upon its waters than upon the waters of the Mediterranean, — where, as we know, no tides are generated. This, then, would be a tideless ocean, and we must look elsewhere for an explanation of the tidal waves seen by Dr. Kane.

We thus seem to have *prima facie* evidence that the sea reached by Kane communicates either with the Pacific or with the Atlantic, or — which is the most probable view — with both these oceans. When we consider the voyages which have been made towards the North Pole along the northerly prolongation of the Atlantic Ocean, we find very strong evidence in favour of the view that there is open-water communication in this direction, not only with the spot reached by Kane, but with a region very much nearer to the North Pole.

So far back as 1607 Hudson had penetrated within eight and a half degrees (or about 600 miles) of the North Pole on this route. When we consider the clumsy build and the poor sailing qualities of the ships of Hudson's day, we cannot but feel that so successful a journey marks this route as one of the most promising ever tried. Hudson was not turned back by impassable barriers of land or ice, but by the serious dangers to which the floating masses of ice and the gradually thickening ice-fields exposed his weak and ill-manned vessel. Since his time, others have sailed upon the same track, and hitherto with no better success. It has been reserved to the Swedish expedition of last year to gain the highest latitudes ever reached in a ship in this direction. The steam-ship "Sofia," in which this successful voyage was made, was strongly built of Swedish iron, and originally intended for winter voyages in the Baltic. Owing to a number of delays, it was not until September 16th that the "Sofia" reached the most northerly part of her journey. This was a point some fifteen miles nearer the North Pole than Hudson had reached. To the north there still lay broken ice, but packed so thickly that not even a boat could pass through it.

So late in the season it would have been unsafe to wait for a change of weather, and a consequent breaking up of the ice. Already the temperature had sunk sixteen degrees below the freezing point; and the enterprising voyagers had no choice but to return. They made, indeed, another push for the north a fortnight later, but only to meet with a fresh repulse. An ice-block with which they came into collision opened a large leak in the vessel's side; and when after great exertions they reached the land, the waters already stood two feet over the cabin floor. In the course of these attempts the depths of the Atlantic were sounded; and two interesting facts were revealed. The first was that the Island of Spitzbergen is connected with Scandinavia by a submarine bank; the second was the circumstance that to the north and west of Spitzbergen the Atlantic is more than two miles deep!

We come now to the most conclusive evidence yet afforded of the extension of the Atlantic Ocean towards the immediate neighbourhood of the North Pole. Singularly enough this evidence is associated not with a sea-voyage, nor with a voyage across ice to the borders of some northern sea, but with a journey during which the voyagers were throughout surrounded as far as the eyes could reach by apparently fixed ice-fields.

In 1827 Sir Edward Parry was commissioned by the English Government to attempt to reach the North Pole. A large reward was promised in case he succeeded, or even if he could get within five degrees of the North Pole. The plan which he adopted seemed promising. Starting from a port in Spitzbergen, he proposed to travel as far northward as possible in sea-boats, and then, landing upon the ice, to prosecute his voyage by means of sledges. Few narratives of arctic travel are more interesting than that which Parry has left of this famous "boat-and-sledge" expedition. The voyagers were terribly harassed by the difficulties of the way; and, after a time, that most trying of all arctic experiences, the bitterly cold wind which comes from out the dreadful north, was added to their trials. Yet still they plodded steadily onwards, tracking their way over hundreds of miles of ice with the confident expectation of at least attaining to the eighty-fifth parallel, if not to the pole itself.

But a most grievous disappointment was in store for them. Parry began to notice that the astronomical observation by which in favourable weather he estimated the amount of their northerly progress, showed

a want of correspondence with the actual rate at which they were travelling. At first he could hardly believe that there was not some mistake; but at length the unpleasant conviction was forced upon him that the whole ice-field over which he and his companions had been toiling so painfully was setting steadily southwards before the wind. Each day the extent of this set became greater and greater, until at length they were actually carried as fast towards the south as they could travel northward.

Parry deemed it useless to continue the struggle. There were certainly two chances in his favour. It was possible that the north wind might cease to blow, and it was also possible that the limit of the ice might soon be reached, and that upon the open sea beyond his boats might travel easily northward. But he had to consider the exhausted state of his men, and the great additional danger to which they were subjected by the movable nature of the ice-fields. If the ice should break up, or if heavy and long-continued southerly winds should blow, they might have found it very difficult to regain their port of refuge in Spitzbergen before winter set in, or their stores were exhausted. Besides, there were no signs of water in the direction they had been taking. The water-sky of arctic regions can be recognized by the experienced seaman long before the open sea itself is visible. On every side, however, there were the signs of widely-extended ice-fields. It seemed, therefore, hopeless to persevere, and Parry decided on returning with all possible speed to the haven of refuge prepared for the party in Spitzbergen. He had succeeded in reaching the highest northern latitudes ever yet attained by man.

The most remarkable feature of this expedition, however, is not the high latitude which the party attained, but the strange circumstance which led to their discomfiture. What opinion are we to form of an ocean at once wide and deep enough to float an ice-field which must have been thirty or forty thousand square miles in extent? Parry had travelled upwards of three hundred miles across the field, and we may fairly suppose that he might have travelled forty miles farther without reaching open water; also that the field extended fully fifty miles on each side of Parry's northerly track. That the whole of so enormous a field should have floated freely before the arctic winds is indeed an astonishing circumstance. On every side of this floating ice-island there must have been seas comparatively free from ice; and could a stout ship have forced its way through these seas, the latitudes to

which it could have reached would have been far higher than those to which Parry's party was able to attain. For a moment's consideration will show that the part of the great ice-field where Parry was compelled to turn back must have been floating in far higher latitudes when he first set out. He reckoned that he had lost more than a hundred miles through the southerly motion of the ice-field, and by just this amount, of course, the point he reached had been nearer the pole. It is not assuming too much to say that a ship which could have forced its way round the great floating ice-field would certainly have been able to get within four degrees of the pole. It seems to us highly probable that she would even have been able to sail upon open water to and beyond the pole itself.

And when we remember the direction in which Dr. Kane saw an open sea, — namely, towards the very region where Parry's ice-ship had floated a quarter of a century before, — it seems reasonable to conclude that there is open-water communication between the seas which lie to the north of Spitzbergen and those which lave the northwestern shores of Greenland. If this be so, we at once obtain an explanation of the tidal waves which Kane watched day after day in 1855. These had no doubt swept along the valley of the Atlantic, and thence around the northern coast of Greenland. It follows that densely as the ice may be packed at times in the seas by which Hudson, Scoresby, and other captains have attempted to reach the North Pole, the frozen masses must in reality be floating freely, and there must therefore exist channels through which an adventurous seaman might manage to penetrate the dangerous barriers surrounding the polar ocean.

In such an expedition chance unfortunately plays a large part. Whalers tell us that there is great uncertainty as to the winds which may blow during the summer. The icebergs may be crowded by easterly winds upon the shores of Spitzbergen, or lastly, the central passage may be the most encumbered, through the effects of winds blowing now from the east and now from the west. Thus the arctic voyager has not merely to take his chance as to the route along which he shall adventure northwards, but often, after forcing his way successfully for a considerable distance, he finds the ice-fields suddenly closing in upon him on every side, and threatening to crush his ship into fragments. The irresistible power with which, under such circumstances, the masses of ice bear down upon the stoutest ship has been evidenced again and again; though,



fortunately, it not unfrequently happens that some irregularity along one side or the other of the closing channel serves as a sort of natural dock, within which the vessel may remain in comparative safety until a change of wind sets her free. Instances have been known in which a ship has had so narrow an escape in this way, and has been subjected to such an enormous pressure, that when the channel has opened out again, the impress of the ship's side has been seen distinctly marked upon the massive blocks of ice which have pressed against her.

Notwithstanding the dangers and difficulties of the attempt, and the circumstance that no material gains can reward the explorer, it seems not unlikely that before many months are passed the North Pole will have been reached. Last year two bold attempts were made, one by the Swedes, as already mentioned, the other by German men of science. In each case the result was so far successful as to give good promise for future attempts. This year both these nations will renew their attack upon the interesting problem. The German expedition will consist of two vessels, the "Germania" and the "Greenland." The former is a screw-steamer of 126 tons, and well adapted to encounter the buffets of the ice-masses which are borne upon the arctic seas. The other is a sailing yacht of 80 tons, and is intended to act as a transport-ship by means of which communication may be kept up with Europe. The "Germania" will probably winter in high northern latitudes; and we should not be much surprised if before her return she should have been carried to the very pole. Nor can the prospects of the Swedish expedition be considered less promising, when we remember that last year, though hampered by the lateness of the season and other difficulties, they succeeded in approaching the pole within a distance only a few miles greater than that which separated Parry from the Pole in 1829.

Certainly England has reason to fear that before the year 1870 has closed she will no longer be able to claim that her flag has approached both poles more nearly than the

flag of any other nation. There are considerations which make the recent supineness of our country in the matter of arctic travel much to be regretted. In the winter of 1874 there will occur one of those interesting phenomena by which Nature occasionally teaches men useful lessons respecting her economy. We refer to the transit of Venus on December 8th in that year. One of the most effective modes of observing this transit will require that a party of scientific men should penetrate far within the recesses of the desolate antarctic circle. Where are the trained arctic seamen to be found who will venture upon this service? Most of our noted arctic voyagers have earned their rest; and as Commander Davis said at a recent meeting of the Geographical Society, those who go for the first time into the arctic or antarctic solitudes are too much tried by the effects of the new experience to be fit to undertake important scientific labours. He spoke with special reference to the transit of 1882, before the occurrence of which there is fully time to train a new school of arctic voyagers. It is just possible that for the transit of 1874 trained explorers belonging to the old school of arctic travel may still be found. But if not, no time should be lost in supplying the deficiency. It has only been discovered within the last few months that journeys to the antarctic will be required as much for this transit as for the other. The Astronomer Royal has expressed his desire that the discovery may be rendered available by suitable expeditions. "Every series of observations," he remarks, "which can really be brought to bear upon this important determination will be valuable." Therefore, for this reason alone, and even if the reputation of England in the matter of arctic travel were altogether worthless, it would be well that efforts should quickly be made to prepare crews and commanders for the work of 1874, by "sending them to school," as Commander Davis expressed it, "in the arctic seas."

**Sows' MILK.**—The *British Medical Journal* reports that Professor Cameron of Dublin has recently analyzed the milk of the sow, and obtained some curious results. In 100 parts of cow's milk, there are about 12 parts of solid matter; in 100 parts of sow's milk Dr. Cameron

found 18.20 per cent. of solid matter. The following is the analysis:—Water, 81.80; fats, 6.00; casein and other nitrogenous matters, 5.80; lactin, 6.07; ash, 0.88. Total, 100.00. Specific gravity, 1.041.